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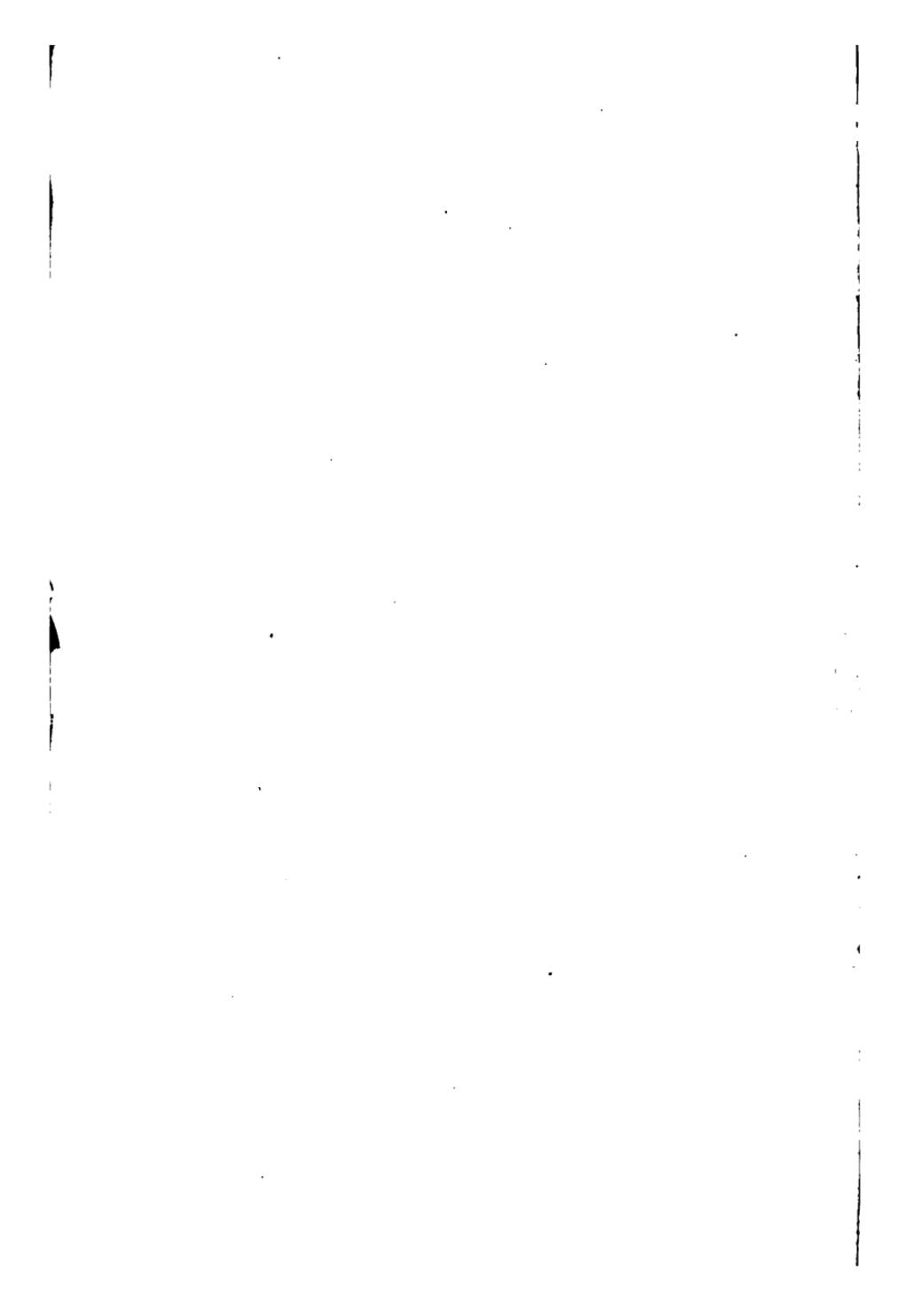
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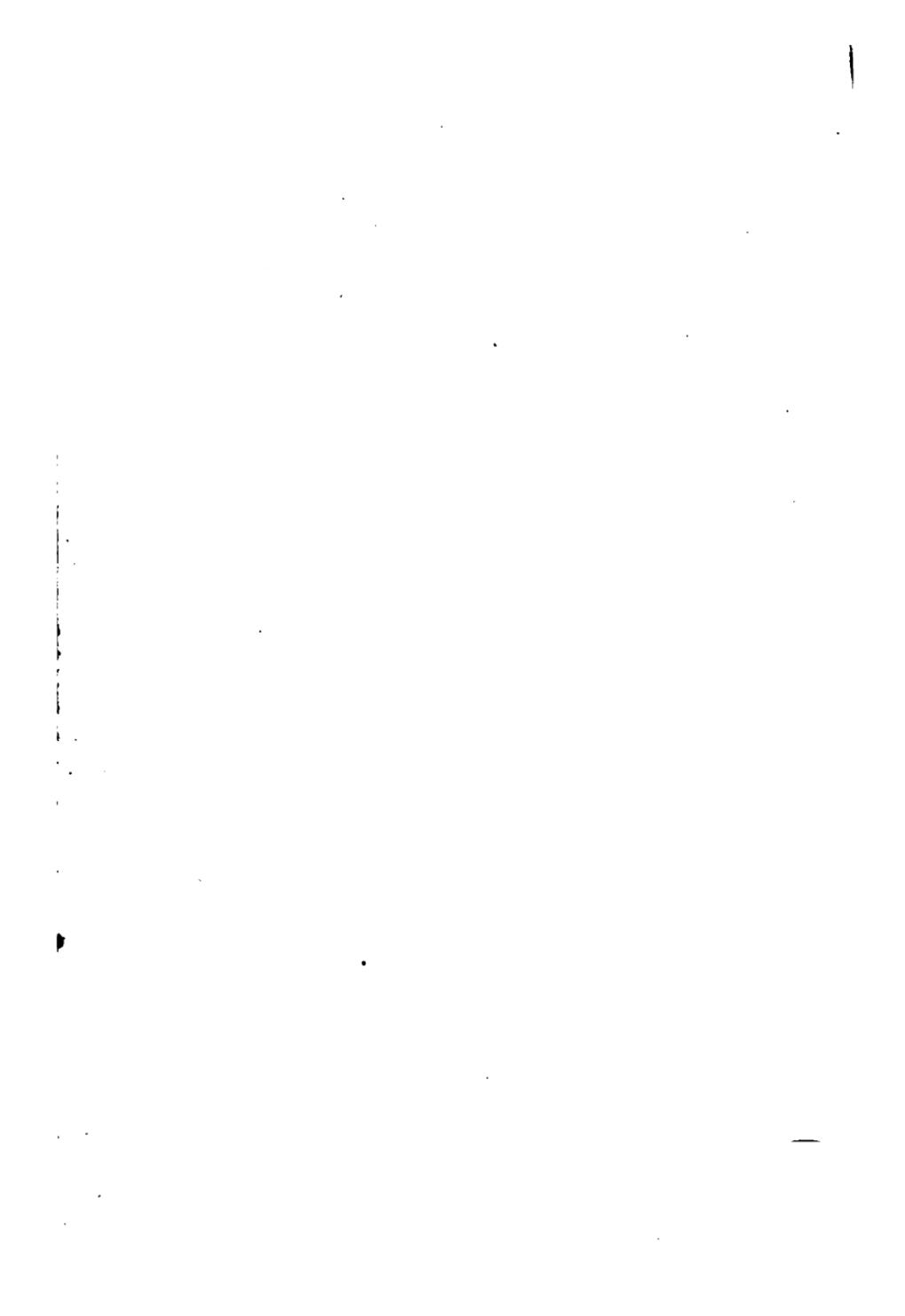


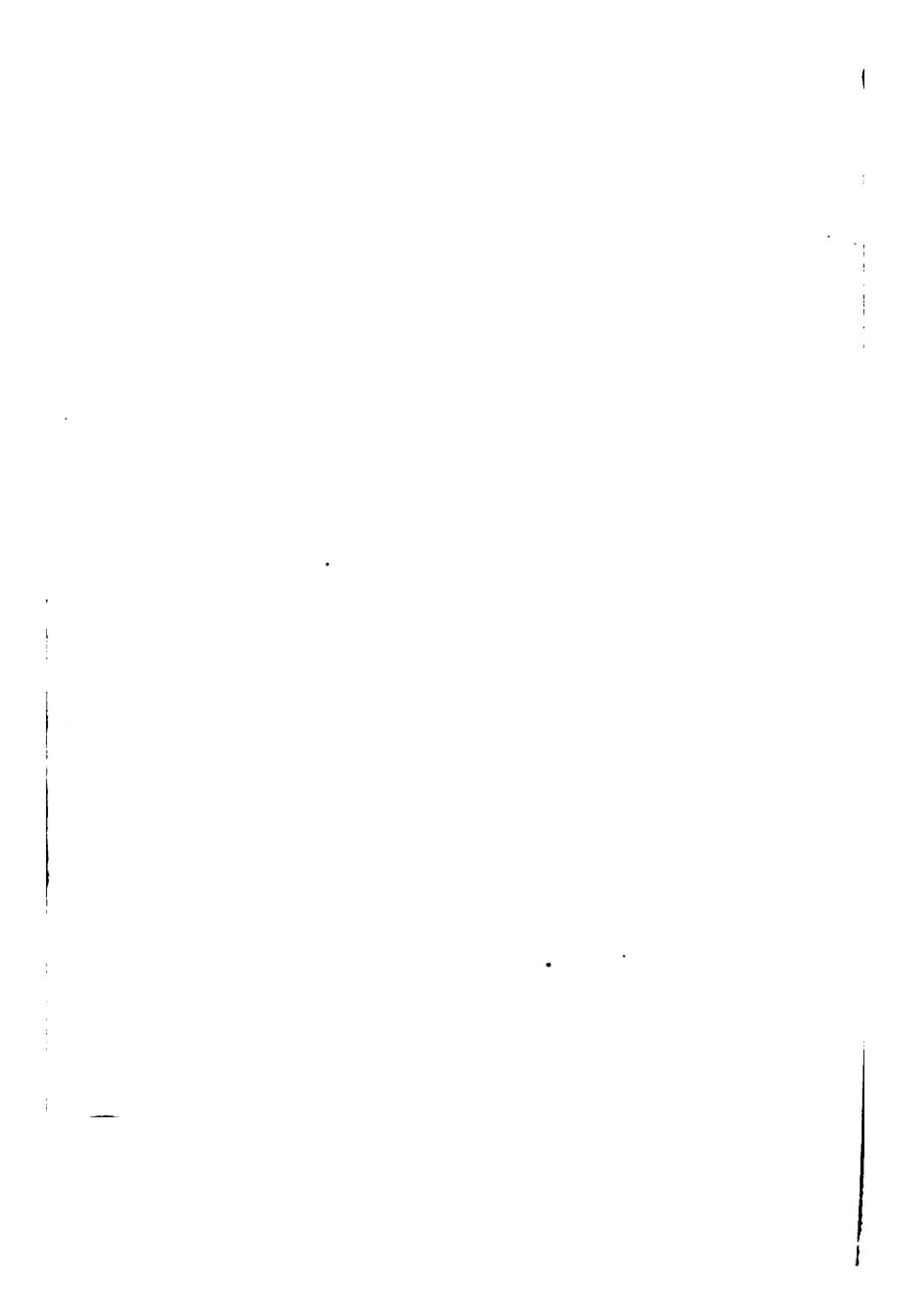
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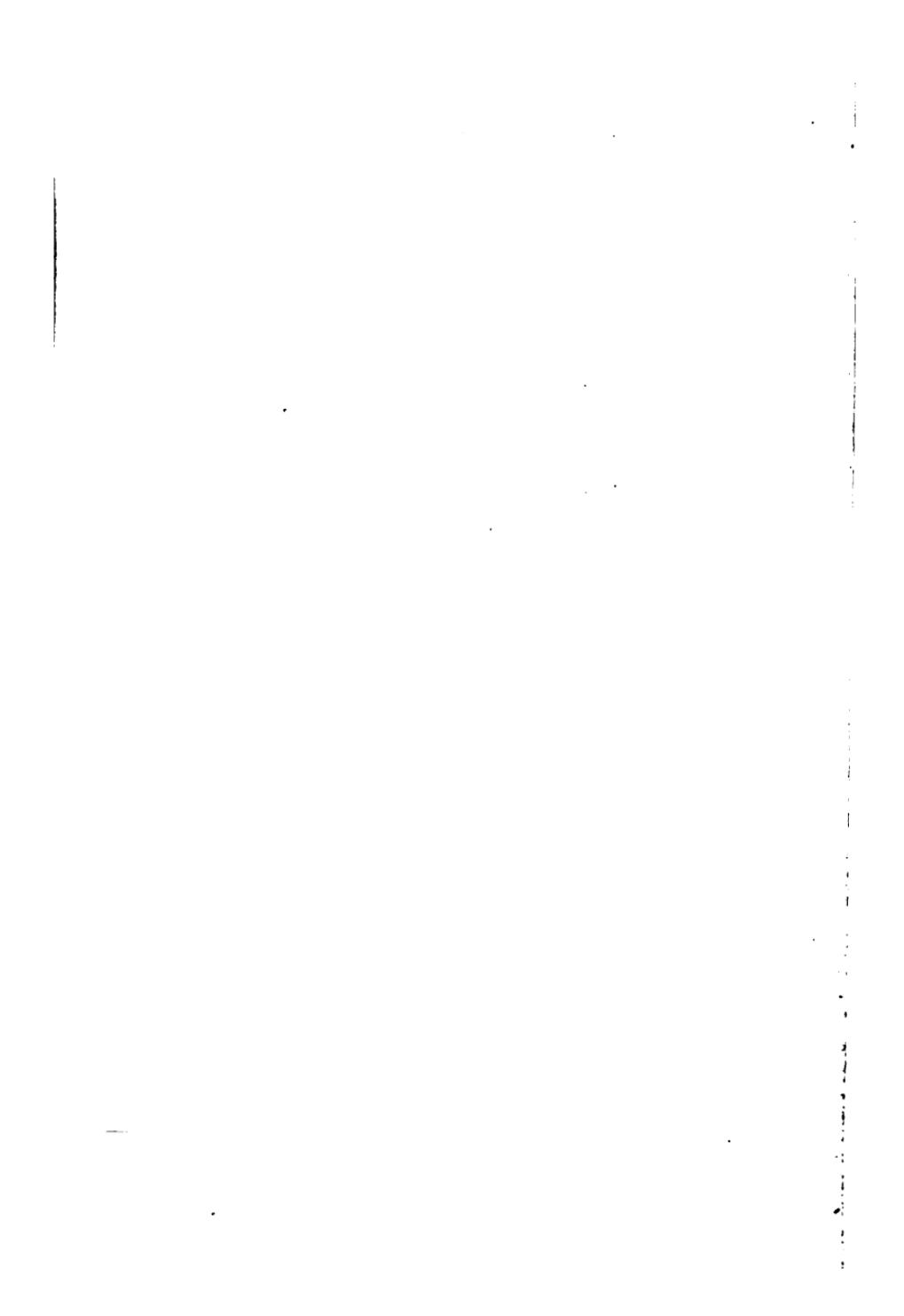


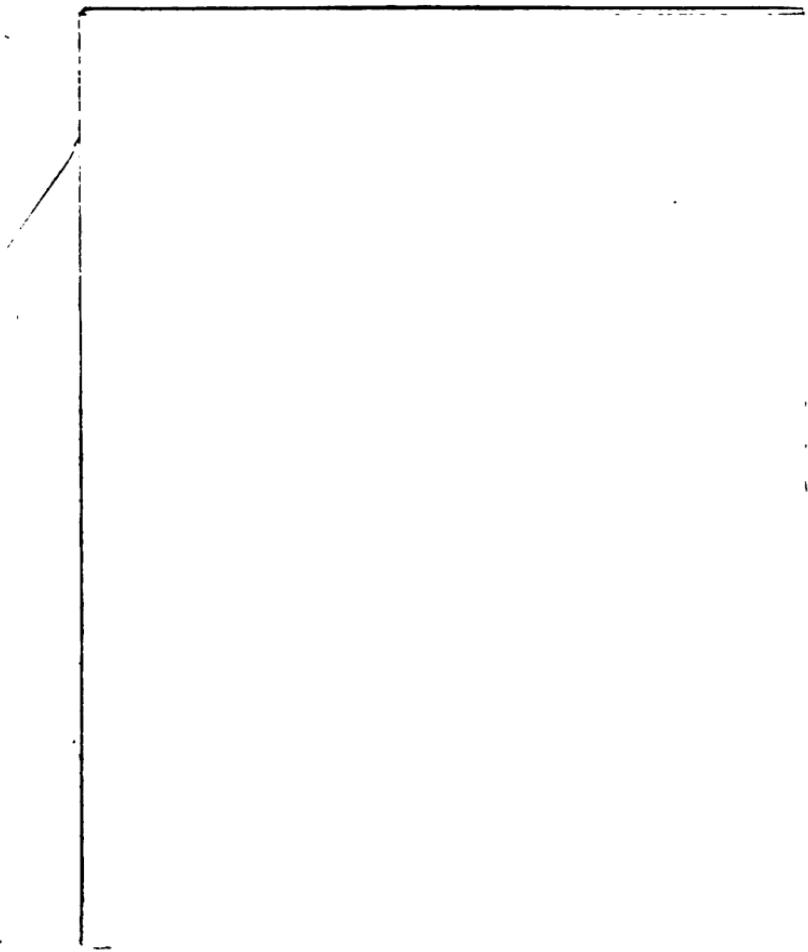


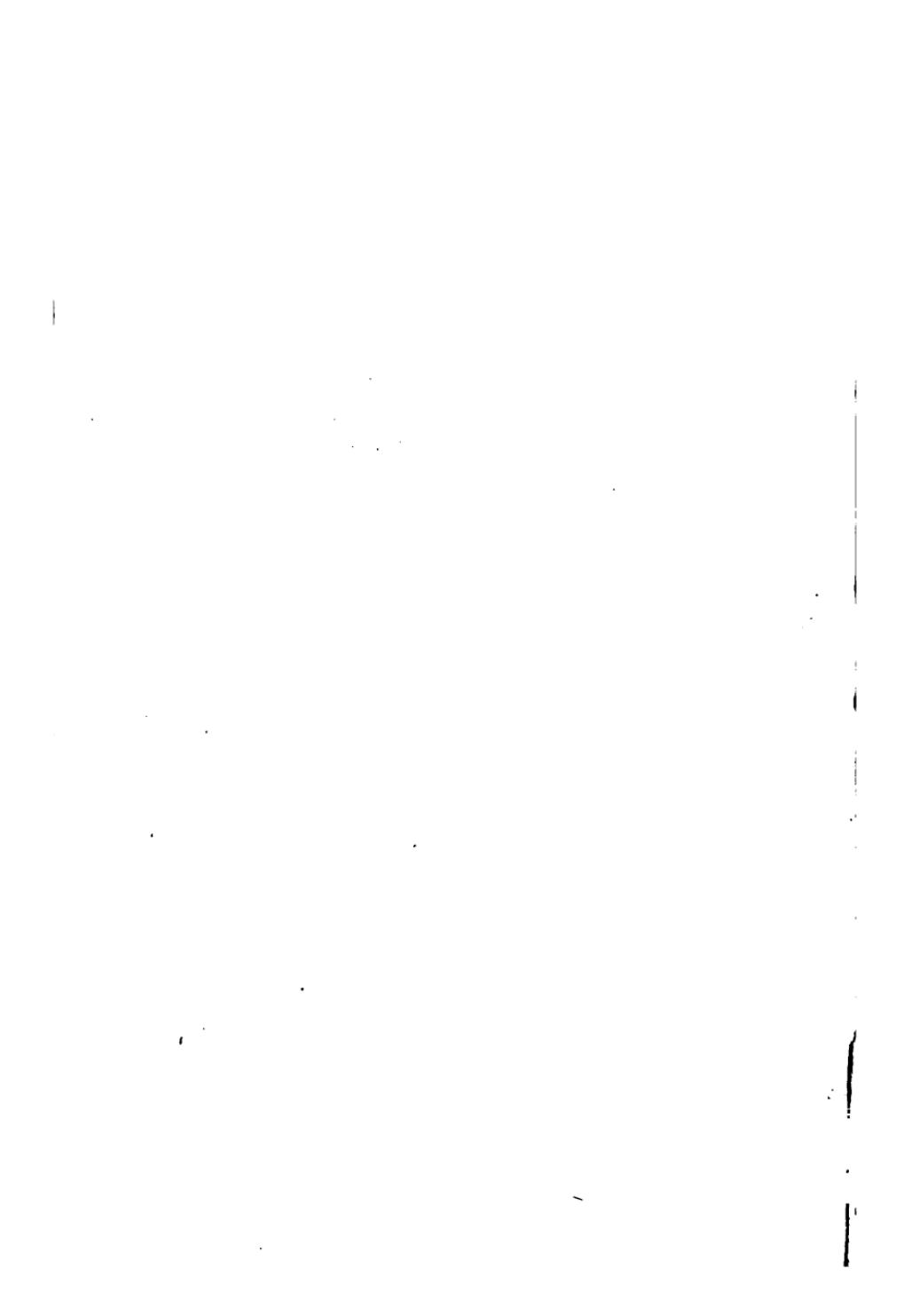
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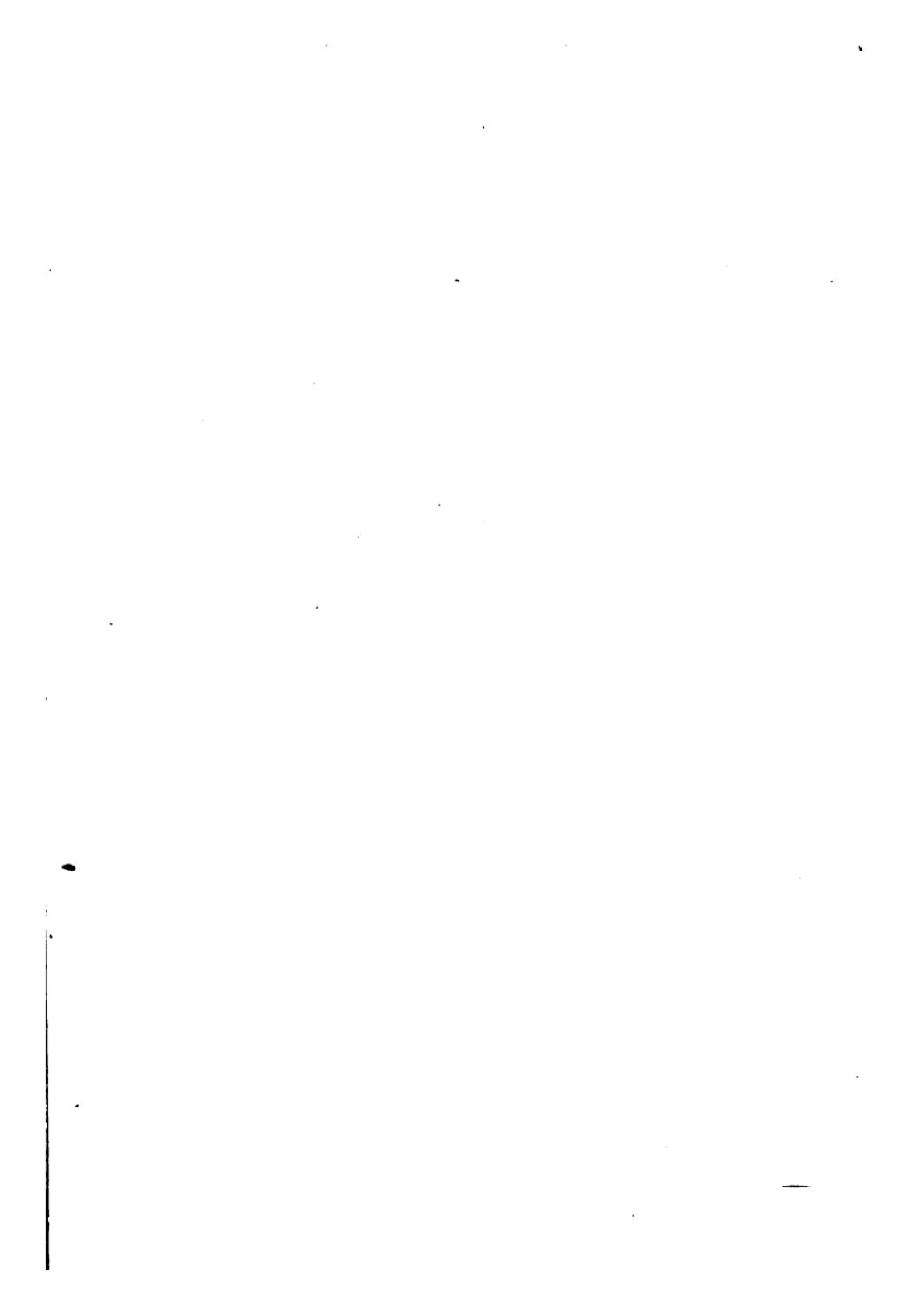
*Willa Cather*

1896.











Wallace Bruce

# IN CLOVER AND HEATHER

BY

WALLACE BRUCE

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

BRYANT UNION, TEMPLE COURT, NEW YORK

1896

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**PRESS OF A. V. HAIGHT.**

TO MY WIFE.

*I have in life but wishes three :*

*The first is realized in thee ;*

*The second you can surely guess—*

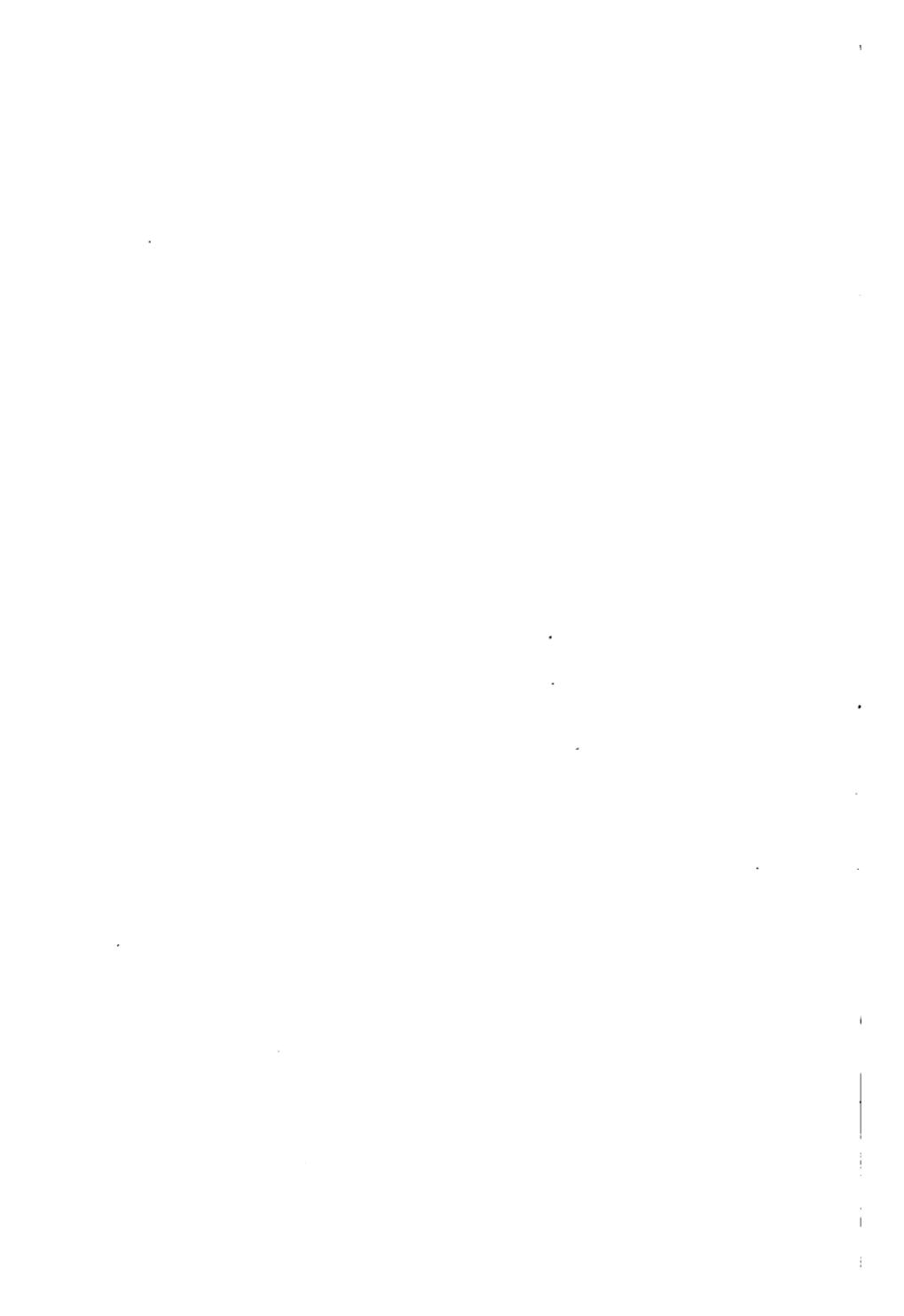
*Sweet presents sent from Heaven to bless :*

*The third some sweet and quiet nook,*

*To read the leaves of Nature's book.*

*I could not make my wishes four—*

*Love, children, home—Earth has no more.*



## PREFACE.

The title of this volume, "In Clover and Heather," was chosen to suggest not only the blending of Columbia's and Scotia's sweetest bloom, but also to entwine as in a floral wreath delightful reminiscences of scenes and incidents at home and abroad, with here and there a lyric-blossom native to every land and every age.

It occurred to the author early in his sojourn of four years at Edinburgh to present a selection of verse under this inscription. As the first and second editions have now been some time exhausted, also an *edition de luxe*, he clings with special fondness to a title which brought such pleasant fortune, and, in preparing a third edition for his publishers in Edinburgh and London, is not unwilling to herald an American edition under the same happy auspices for friends in the United States.

*PREFACE.*

In arranging the present work the author has retained only a moiety of those which appeared in the first edition, so that the present issue may be more properly regarded a new selection, or the latest gleanings from his two complete volumes, the *Old Homestead* and the *Wayside*.

Principal Fairbairn, of Oxford University, cordially pronounces these poems “fragrant of both soils”; and the late Professor Blackie’s cheery inspiration, both by word and by pen, encourages to new endeavor. What wonderful power in one human and sympathetic heart to broaden the realm of life! Its influence and wide-reaching results no age can fully estimate.

To bind closer in sympathy the great world of humanity is the brightest dream of the poet, to deepen the sense of brotherhood the noblest vision of the prophet,—to strengthen the bond of universal love the highest service of literature.

W. B.

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## T H E   S T R A N G E R.

### AN EASTERN STORY.

An aged man came late to Abraham's tent.

The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare.

He asked for bread ; his strength was wellnigh spent,

His haggard look implored the tenderest care.

The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes,

But spake no grace, nor bowed he towards the east.

Safe sheltered here from dark and angry skies,

The bounteous table seemed a royal feast.

But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare,

The Patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod—

“ Stranger,” he said, “ dost thou not bow in prayer ?

Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship God ?”

He answered, “ Nay.” The Patriarch sadly said :

“ Thou hast my pity. Go ! eat not my bread.”

### *THE STRANGER.*

Another came that wild and fearful night.

The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky ;  
But all the tent was filled with wondrous light,

And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh.  
“Where is that aged man ?” the Presence said,

“That asked for shelter from the driving blast ?  
Who made thee master of thy Master’s bread ?  
What right hadst thou the wanderer forth to cast ?”  
“Forgive me, Lord,” the Patriarch answer made,  
With downcast look, with bowed and trembling  
knee.

“Ah me ! the stranger might with me have stayed,  
But, O my God, he would not worship Thee.”

“I’ve borne him long,” God said, “and still I  
wait ;  
Couldst thou not lodge him one night in thy  
gate ?”

## O N E W O R D.

“Write me an epic,” the warrior said—

“Victory, valor, and glory wed.”

“Prithee, a ballad,” exclaimed the knight—

“Prowess, adventure, and faith unite.”

“An ode to freedom,” the patriot cried—

“Liberty won and wrong defied.”

“Give me a drama,” the scholar asked—

“The inner world in the outer masked.”

“Frame me a sonnet,” the artist prayed—

“Power and passion in harmony played.”

“Sing me a lyric,” the maiden sighed—

“A lark-note waking the morning wide.”

*ONE WORD.*

“ Nay, all too long,” said the busy age;  
“ Write me a line instead of a page.”

The swift years spoke, the poet heard:  
“ Your poem write in a single word.”

He looked in the maiden’s glowing eyes,  
A moment glanced at the starlit skies—

From the lights below to the lights above—  
And wrote the one-word poem—Love.

## THE SNOW ANGEL.

The sleigh-bells danced that winter night;  
An old-time village rang with glee;  
The windows overflowed with light;  
Joy ruled each hearth and Christmas-tree.  
But to one the bells and mirth were naught:  
His soul with deeper joy was fraught.  
  
He waited until the guests were gone;  
He waited to dream his dream alone;  
And the night wore on.

Alone he stands in the silent night;  
He piles the snow in the village square;  
With spade for chisel, a statue white  
From the crystal quarry rises fair.  
No light save the stars to guide his hand,  
But the image obeys his soul's command.

### *THE SNOW ANGEL.*

The sky is draped with fleecy lawn,  
The stars grow pale in the early dawn,  
But the lad toils on.

And lo! in the morn the people came  
To gaze at the wondrous vision there;  
And they called it "The Angel," divining its name,  
For it came in silence and unaware.  
  
It seemed no mortal hand had wrought  
The uplifted face of prayerful thought;  
But its features wasted beneath the sun;  
Its life went out ere the day was done;  
And the lad dreamed on.

And his dream was this: "In the years to be  
I will carve the Angel in lasting stone;  
In another land beyond the sea  
I will toil in darkness, will dream alone.  
While others sleep I will find a way  
Up through the night to the light of day.

*THE SNOW ANGEL.*

There's nothing desired beneath star or sun  
Which patient genius has not won."

And the boy toiled on.

The years go by. He has wrought with might;  
He has gained renown in the land of art;  
But the thought inspired that Christmas night  
Still kept its place in the sculptor's heart;  
And the dream of the boy, that melted away  
In the light of the sun that winter day,  
Is embodied at last in enduring stone,  
Snow Angel in marble—his purpose won;

And the man toils on.

## LIFE'S PAUSES.

A curious stranger environed in doubt,  
An interrogation-point toddling about,  
A bundle of questions—nothing more—  
Cooing and creeping upon the floor.

A comma of sunshine, a playtime to see  
The flower, the bird, the brook, and the tree ;  
A vision of childhood—count one for the pause—  
A ripple of laughter, a golden clause.

A stile in the pathway, a summer day,  
A blissful moment too sweet to stay ;  
Swift semicolon of youth divine—  
Count two in tracing the raptured line.

*LIFE'S PAUSES.*

An exclamation—"You! O You!"  
The same old story, forever new,  
An arrow's flight to a soul new-found,  
A volume of love in a vowel-sound.

A song, a prayer, a marriage vow,  
A compound-word in the chapter now,  
Only a hyphen, but angels wait  
And hush their anthem in heaven's gate.

A gleam of light in the gliding years,  
A colon of joy in the font appears,  
A point of hope in the fleeting text—  
Our line continued in the next.

The sentence finished, a gentle mound  
By waving grass encircled round;  
A period here, but not complete—  
Merely a rest for weary feet.

*LIFE'S PAUSES.*

A rest for the night till the morning wakes,  
Till the purpling east in glory breaks;  
Faith writes a dash for the great TO-BE—  
Beyond Time's bracket—Eternity.

## HER PICTURE.

### I.

“ This is your picture, just as you were  
In the May-day time when first we met,  
With a winsome look, a gentle demur,  
And dimples that cradle the old love yet :

Just as you were when the artist caught  
The crimson tint of your blushing cheek ;  
And gazing thereon I have sometimes thought  
The very picture itself might speak.

I wonder how he captured the grace,  
The pose of the neck, the floating curl,  
The womanly sweetness, the open face,  
The sparkling eyes of a laughing girl.”

### *HER PICTURE.*

Such were the words the husband said,  
As he turned with joy to his bonnie bride;  
It was only a month since they were wed,—  
The sky was fair and the world was wide.

### II.

“ And this was her picture when she was young,  
My mother, whose hair is growing gray,  
Just as she looked when she softly sung,  
As I sat at her feet on the floor at play:

Just as she looked when she used to tell  
Of the shepherds who watched their flock by night  
And her eyes still keep the same sweet spell,  
A blissful magic of love and light.

She knows she is all the world to me,  
As we muse in the gathering twilight now—  
Her heart the shrine where I bend the knee,  
Her blessing the crown upon my brow.”

### *HER PICTURE.*

Such were the thoughts of a son who knew  
The fullness of love in a mother's prayer,  
With soul still pure, and purpose true  
To keep the dream of his boyhood fair.

### III.

“This was the grandma I used to know  
Who sat and rocked me by the hearth;  
Her face had hardly so rich a glow,  
Though her eyes ran over with laughing mirth;

As blue as the girl's just over the way,  
Who never gets scolded for making a noise,  
The one I expect to marry some day,  
Though always pretending she doesn't like boys.

I told her about the picture last week,  
And said her eyes weren't nearly so bright,  
That she hadn't half so pretty a cheek,  
And she cried till the nurse made me say good night.”

*HER PICTURE.*

Thus spoke the grandson young and bold,  
As he cheerily glanced across the way,  
Where a merry elf with locks of gold  
Looked up and laughed with her dolls at play.

IV.

“What of the picture hanging there,  
Quaintly set in antique frame,  
Titian-like with sunny hair,  
A bit of canvas without a name ?

I found it perched on a garret beam,  
Pleading attention in accents meek,  
As a chink in the roof let in a gleam,  
And deepened the tint of the rosy cheek.

So I brought it down, cobwebs and all,  
Polished with care the tarnished gold,  
Placed it here in the ancient hall,  
And it seems at home in the sacred fold.”

*HER PICTURE.*

But the speaker thought that an angel smile  
Tenderly stole through the crevice there,  
For his daughter slept in the shadowy aisle  
Ere he found and cherished the treasure rare.

v.

So the years went by and the story grew,  
While the picture silently kept its place,—  
How a fairy came in the morning dew,  
A wondrous vision of youthful grace;

Too lovely in sooth for human mould,  
A spirit from out the hallowed past,  
A vivid presentment ere faith was cold,  
Or art entrammelled in fetters fast :

Till a maiden, playing an old-time air  
To a lover who came from over the seas,  
Saw her own fair features reflected there,  
As she quickly glanced from the ivory keys.

*HER PICTURE.*

And other dreamers in coming years  
The same sweet portrait will dearly prize,  
And find transfigured through smiles and tears  
Their own bright tresses and fond blue eyes.

## LOVE'S DIAL.

In hope and joy we've journeyed  
O'er many a land and sea ;  
Love's dial marks the sunshine—  
The years are twenty-three :  
They seem a dream foreshortened,  
An idyl sweetly told,  
For every hour was silver,  
And every day was gold.

By many a stream we've wandered,  
Through forests dim and vast,  
Where far Sierra's mountains  
Their westward shadows cast ;  
Through bright Italian cities  
And dim cathedral aisle,  
And realms where art and beauty  
The centuries beguile ;

*LOVE'S DIAL.*

By Scottish rills that murmur  
The songs our mothers knew,  
Through deep defiles still guarded  
By heroes tried and true;  
By burn and field and river,  
O'er many a land and sea,  
We've wandered on together—  
The years are twenty-three.

It seems somehow a story  
That hardly can be real,  
Too bright and evanescent  
For memory's gentlest seal;  
A word, a line, a poem  
That never can be told,—  
For every hour was silver,  
And every day was gold;

Or like a floating vision  
Where ripples softly break,

*LOVE'S DIAL.*

And idle oars lie floating  
Upon a moonlit lake ;  
A paradise of glory  
Where love is never old,  
And every hour is silver,  
And every day is gold.

And so beside Love's dial  
We note the fleeting years,  
And gather in the harvest  
That grows in smiles and tears ;  
Then voyage on together  
Upon a wider sea ;  
The days are drifting leeward—  
The years are twenty-three.

## THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Welcome, ye pleasant dales and hills,  
Where, dreamlike, passed my early days!  
Ye cliffs and glens and laughing rills  
That sing unconscious hymns of praise!  
Welcome, ye woods, with tranquil bowers  
Embathed in autumn's mellow sheen,  
Where careless childhood gathered flowers,  
And slept on mossy carpets green!

The same bright sunlight gently plays  
About the porch and orchard-trees;  
The garden sleeps in noontide haze,  
Lulled by the murmuring of the bees;  
The sloping meadows stretch away  
To upland field and wooded hill;  
The soft blue sky of peaceful day  
Looks down upon the homestead still.

*THE OLD HOMESTEAD.*

I hear the humming of the wheel—  
Strange music of the days gone by ;  
I hear the clicking of the reel ;  
Once more I see the spindle fly.  
How, then, I wondered at the thread  
That narrowed from the snowy wool,  
Much more to see the pieces wed,  
And wind upon the whirling spool !

I see the garret once again,  
With rafter, beam, and oaken floor ;  
I hear the pattering of the rain  
As summer clouds go drifting o'er.  
The little window towards the west  
Still keeps its webs and buzzing flies,  
And from this cosy childhood nest  
Jack's beanstalk reaches to the skies.

I see the circle gathered round  
The open fireplace glowing bright,

*THE OLD HOMESTEAD.*

While birchen sticks with crackling sound  
Send forth a rich and ruddy light.  
The window-sill is piled with sleet,  
The well-sweep creaks before the blast,  
But warm hearts make the contrast sweet,  
Sheltered from storm, secure and fast.

O loved ones of the long ago,  
Whose memories hang in golden frames,  
Resting beneath the maple's glow,  
Where few e'er read your chiselled names,  
Come back, as in that Christmas night,  
And fill the vacant chairs of mirth !  
Ah me ! the dream is all too bright,  
And ashes lie upon the hearth.

Below the wood, beside the spring,  
Two little children are at play,  
And Hope, that bird of viewless wing,  
Sings in their hearts the livelong day.

*THE OLD HOMESTEAD.*

The acorn patters at their feet,  
The squirrel chatters 'neath the trees,  
And life and love are all complete—  
They hold Aladdin's lamp and keys.

And, sister, now my children come  
To find the water just as cool,  
To play about our grandsire's home,  
To see our pictures in the pool;  
Their laughter fills the shady glen,  
The fountain gurgles o'er with joy  
That, after years full three times ten,  
It finds its little girl and boy.

No other spring in all the world  
Is half so clear and cool and bright,  
No other leaves by autumn curled  
Reflect for me such golden light.

*THE OLD HOMESTEAD.*

Of childhood's faith this is the shrine ;  
I kneel beside it now as then,  
And though the spring's no longer mine,  
I kiss its cooling lips again.

Unchanged it greets the changeful years ;  
Its life is one unending dream ;  
No record here of grief or tears,  
But, like the limpid meadow-stream,  
It seems to sympathise with youth,  
Just as the river does with age,  
And ever whispers—sweetest truth  
Is written on life's title-page.

## THE FLOWER-KEY.

A fairy princess wandered when a child,  
From jewelled halls beneath the ocean's bound,  
Up to the world, where rocks in ruin piled  
Behind her footsteps closed with hapless sound;  
In vain with feeble arm and tiny hand  
She sought return; then sank in blinding tears,  
Till came a noble queen with stately band  
To give her shelter and to calm her fears:  
But still she sighed and never might forget  
The sylphid streams where shadows never stray;  
While at her wish ten thousand heroes met  
And wrought with will to find her homeward way—  
A fruitless task, a kingdom's force was spent,  
The rock by mortal strength could not be rent.

*THE FLOWER-KEY.*

She came and went, but oft in bitter grief  
    Bemoaned her fate beside the cruel door—  
“The Power that guards to every prayer is deaf,  
    The princely palace closed forevermore!  
The fair enchanted grottos where I strayed  
    In golden hours, would they again were mine !  
My sisters dear with whom I fondly played  
    When days were bright, what memories enshrine !  
Long weary years my patient footsteps press  
    The ruthless threshold that I know full well;  
No answer comes my sorrowing soul to bless,  
    No genii wait to break the magic spell,  
        Yon heartless crag returns my anxious cry—  
‘Alas! alas!’ the listening glens reply.”

“What flower is that thou bearest in thine hand?”  
A hermit said, who heard the sad refrain;  
“I’ve wandered wide in many a distant land,  
And know full well that human works are vain.”

*THE FLOWER-KEY.*

The Princess answered: "Symbol dear to me—  
A primrose pale." "Then be not thus bereft;  
In other realms 'tis known as Mary's key:  
Touch thou with it." The rock in silence cleft.  
The door swung wide on massive hinges wrought,  
The key of flowers had touched the hidden ward:—  
A gleam of light with glory strangely fraught,  
A strain of joy upborne in sweet accord.  
The hermit picked the fallen primrose there;  
The door had closed. Alone he bows in prayer.

## REPENTANCE.

A curse was hurled into the air,—  
That God a brother's soul might blast.  
The hot tears fell. Then rose a prayer,—  
That God might guard and keep it fast.  
Swift sped the curse, but swifter far  
The white-winged prayer on mercy's breath ;  
While angels o'er Heaven's crystal bar  
Beheld the race of life and death.  
The bat-like curse in dazzling light  
Uncertain now its journey keeps,  
While up through heavenly radiance bright  
The victor prayer in triumph sweeps.  
The crystal bar wide open flies,  
The prayer is safe in Paradise ;  
It closes at the angel's nod,  
The curse ne'er reached the throne of God.

## "INASMUCH."

### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

You say that you want a Meetin'-house for the boys  
in the gulch up there,

And a Sunday-school with pictur'-books ? Well, put  
me down for a share.

I believe in little children; it's as nice to hear 'em read  
As to wander round the ranch at noon and see the  
cattle feed.

And I believe in preachin' too—by men for preach-  
in' born,

Who let alone the husks of creed and measure out  
the corn.

The pulpit's but a manger where the pews are Gos-  
pel-fed;

And they say 'twas to a manger that the star of Glory  
led.

*"INASMUCH."*

So I'll subscribe a dollar toward the manger and the  
stalls;

I always give the best I've got whenever my partner  
calls.

And, stranger, let me tell you : I'm beginning to sus-  
pect

That all the world are partners, whatever their creed  
or sect;

That life is a kind of pilgrimage—a sort of Jericho  
road,

And kindness to one's fellows the sweetest law in the  
code.

No matter about the 'nitals—from a farmer, you  
understand,

Who's generally had to play it alone from rather an  
or'nary hand.

I've never struck it rich, for farming, you see, is  
slow;

And whenever the crops are fairly good the prices are  
always low.

*"INASMUCH."*

A dollar isn't very much, but it helps to count the same ;

The lowest trump supports the ace, and sometimes wins the game.

It assists a fellow's praying when he's down upon his knees—

" Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these."

I know the verses, stranger, so you needn't stop to quote ;

It's a different thing to know them or to say them off by rote.

I'll tell you where I learned them, if you'll step in from the rain :

'Twas down in 'Frisco, years ago—had been there hauling grain ;

It was just across the ferry, on the Sacramento pike,

Where stores and sheds are rather mixed, and shanties scatterin' like—

*"INASMUCH."*

Not the likeliest place to be in. I remember the  
saloon,

With grocery, market, baker-shop, and bar-room all  
in one.

And this made up the picture—my hair was not then  
gray,

But everything still seems as real as if 'twere yester-  
day.

A little girl with haggard face stood at the counter  
there—

Not more than ten or twelve at most, but worn with  
grief and care;

And her voice was kind of raspy, like a sort of  
chronic cold—

Just the tone you find in children who are prema-  
turely old.

She said: "Two bits for bread and tea, ma hasn't  
much to eat;

She hopes next week to work again, and buy us all  
some meat.

*"INASMUCH."*

We've been half-starved all winter, but spring will  
soon be here,  
And she tells us, 'Keep up courage, for God is  
always near.' "  
Just then a dozen men came in ; the boy was called  
away  
To shake the spotted cubes for drinks, as Forty-  
niners say.  
I never heard from human lips such oaths and curses  
loud  
As rose above the glasses of that crazed and reckless  
crowd.  
But the poor tired girl sat waiting, lost at last to  
revels deep,  
On a keg beside a barrel in the corner, fast asleep.  
Well, I stood there, sort of waiting, until some one at  
the bar  
Said, "Hello ! I say, stranger, what have you over  
thar ? "

*"INASMUCH."*

The boy then told her story ; and that crew, so fierce  
and wild,

Grew intent, and seemed to listen to the breathing of  
the child.

The glasses all were lowered. Said the leader :  
“ Boys, see here ;

All day we've been pouring whisky, drinking deep  
our Christmas cheer.

Here's two dollars. I've got feelings, which are not  
entirely dead,

For this little girl and mother, suffering for the want  
of bread.”

“ Here's a dollar.” “ Here's another ; ” and they all  
chipped in their share,

And they planked the ringing metal down upon the  
counter there.

Then the spokesman took a golden double-eagle from  
his belt,

Softly stepped from bar to counter, and beside the  
sleeper knelt ;

*"INASMUCH."*

Took the "two bits" from her fingers, changed her  
silver piece for gold.

"See there, boys! the girl is dreaming." Down her  
cheeks the tear-drops rolled.

One by one the swarthy miners passed in silence to  
the street.

Gently we awoke the sleeper, but she started to her  
feet

With a dazed and strange expression, saying: "Oh,  
I thought 'twas true!"

Ma was well, and we were happy; round our door-  
stone roses grew.

We had everything we wanted, food enough, and  
clothes to wear;

And my hand burns where an angel touched it soft  
with fingers fair."

As she looked and saw the money in her fingers  
glistening bright—

"Well, now, ma has long been praying, but she won't  
believe me quite,

*"INASMUCH."*

How you've sent 'way up to heaven, where the golden  
treasures are,

And have also got an angel clerking at your grocery  
bar."

That's a Christmas story, stranger, which I thought  
you'd like to hear;

True to fact and human nature, pointing out one's  
duty clear.

Hence, to matters of subscription you will see that  
I'm alive—

Just mark off that dollar, stranger; I think I'll make  
it five.

## THE PATHWAY OF ANGELS.

### A PERSIAN LEGEND OF THE MILKY WAY.

They lived and dreamed in silent ages past—  
Two lovers parted through long bitter years—  
And died in hope. But fate, still cruel, cast  
Their future lot in far-off different spheres,  
To grieve in vain, and Heaven itself was naught—  
An empty joy—for what is life at best  
Till with the threads of being there is wrought  
A chord responsive to another breast ?  
Their spirits yearned across the chasm drear ;  
An answering wish shot swift from soul to soul,  
A bridge of light o'er that wide waste to rear,  
An arch of stars across the flaming scroll.  
They waited not, nor asked they God above,  
For time or space cannot dissever love.

*THE PATHWAY OF ANGELS.*

Long æons pass, and now the narrowing zone  
    Needs but one star to make the span complete;  
One crowning sphere from out the living throne  
    To bind the arch. Straightway archangels fleet  
Sought God, and spake: “See’st Thou yon starry way  
    Where spirits bold would bridge the realms of space?  
Have they Thy Will with wandering spheres to play,  
    And rob Thy throne presumptuous pride to grace?”  
“Shall I destroy,” God said, “the works of love,  
    I who am Love?” In radiant glory bright  
Those spirits wept with joy; around, above,  
    For one sweet instant thrilled all worlds with light:—  
“The keystone take from God’s eternal throne;  
    The works of love abide, and they alone.”

## **“WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?”**

“Will ye go to the Indies, My Mary ? ”  
Sang Robin in days long ago ;  
And still clear as a carol of morning  
His notes in sweet melody flow.

“Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary ? ”  
Ay farther and fonder thy way ;  
Beyond the soft sway of her palm trees,  
Or rose-broidered rills of Cathay,

Thy footsteps have wandered in music,  
No name, Highland Mary, like thine,  
From the ripple of sweet-flowing Afton  
To Columbia’s anthem of pine.

*"WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?"*

Like a wide-arching rainbow of glory  
Thy fame spans the ocean to-day,  
And perfume of sweet hawthorn blossoms  
Floats round us in billows of spray.

Resplendent with faith and devotion  
Thy troth is a vision of light,  
And though woven of pleasure and sorrow  
The girdle of love is still bright.

Yon star-sprinkled " Pathway of Angels "  
Gleams white as when Love gave it birth,  
But Burns and his Mary are nearer  
With pathway that circles the earth ;

Where lovers in rapture will wander  
And dream the same dreams as of yore,  
By the glow of the same golden sunsets  
And lapping of waves on the shore ;

*"WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?"*

Till the stars grow pale in their journey,  
Till the sun is shorn of its light,  
And cold on the eyelids of morning  
Hang the darkness and dews of the night.

Till then, ay, till then, and forever,  
For lovers and love never die,  
Shall the song of our sweet Highland Mary  
Bind closer the earth and the sky.

## OLÉ BULL'S CHRISTMAS.

### MY LANDLORD'S PRAIRIE STORY.

Move along a trifle, stranger, just a little ; don't you see  
On the floor that hieroglyphic, something like a  
letter B ?—

Right there, close to where you're standing, sort of  
sacred spot we keep ;  
And we always touch it gently when we scrub up  
once a week.

Recent ? Yes, some time last August, but I put it in  
to stay ;

And the yellow pine will hold it after we are laid  
away.

No one sets his chair upon it or he's straightway told  
to shove ;

For the boys, you see, won't stand it ; that's a plank  
the neighbors love.

*OLE BULL'S CHRISTMAS.*

"Somewhat of a Poets' Corner," once a high-toned traveller said ;

They corrected him politely as they showed him up to bed.

He explained about an Abbey—I don't quite recall the name—

With a chapel full of dead folks that had found their way to fame.

But, they said, this is no graveyard ; here's the spot where Olé stood

When he told his Christmas story right before the blazing wood.

Never heard him ? Never saw him ? Stranger you don't mean to say

That you never heard the master, Olé Bull, the fiddler, play ?

Talk of classic art in music ! What was that to Olé Bull,

When his blood with life was tingling and his eyes were brimming full ?

*OLE BULL'S CHRISTMAS.*

I have thought his heart in rapture sent its pulses all  
the way

Through the bit of seasoned timber that against his  
bosom lay;

Till the fiddle seemed a fixture, part and parcel of the  
man,

And the trembling strings a net-work over which his  
feelings ran.

He would shake your sides with laughter, make you  
weep as by a look,

And between the bits of music he could talk just like  
a book.

Fluent speakers! We have had them, noted men  
from foreign parts;

But, for eloquence, I tell you, Olé held the ace of  
hearts.

He was not the man to filter idle jests through wab-  
blin' lips;

Born somehow to talk all over from his toes to finger-  
tips:

*OLÉ BULL'S CHRISTMAS.*

Just a sort of natural battery, filled the room with life  
and joy,

Beaming face, with locks of silver, bright and chipper  
as a boy.

He would sit here of an evening, reeling off the  
slickest thread;

And the hour-hand wasn't heeded or the horses in the  
shed.

"Let 'em whinner," said the deacon, "they can stand  
it once a year;

And our wives—they don't expect us, when they know  
that Olé's here."

We were all a bit Norwegian, and he seemed to feel  
at home;

Said no hearth shone bright as this one from Christi-  
ania down to Rome.

He would tell us his adventures in those cities old and  
gray;

How he struggled, toiled, and suffered when he first  
began to play;

*OLE BULL'S CHRISTMAS.*

Of his failures and successes, praise and honor won  
at last,  
From patrician, prince, and peasant, whereso'er his  
lot was cast;  
But of all his greatest triumphs he regarded this the  
best,  
How he won a gray-haired hermit on the prairies of  
the West.

It was on a Christmas evening, wellnigh fifty years  
ago;  
None who heard him can forget it; lost in sleet and  
blinding snow,  
Fifteen miles from any farm-house, twenty from the  
nearest town,  
Olé Bull had missed the guide-board, for the storm  
had hurled it down.  
Stumbling, floundering in the snow-drifts, onward  
pressed his noble gray,  
Led by instinct and devotion; Olé let him have his  
way.

*OLÉ BULL'S CHRISTMAS.*

Many a trail they'd tried together, but he deemed  
this trip the last;  
Horse and rider both must perish in that wild and  
howling blast.  
Hope had died and life was ebbing, when, from out  
the cruel night,  
Far across the fenceless prairie faintly shone a twink-  
ling light.

Many a time I've heard him tell it, as he let his fancy  
play,  
Till you felt the storm about you, saw the distant  
flickering ray;  
Found your nerves and hair a-tingling, all attuned to  
passion's key—  
There it glimmers like a light-house just above the  
blinding sea—  
Fainter now: O bitter darkness! idle vision of the  
brain—  
Joy! Behold the ruddy firelight streaming through  
the window-pane.

*OLE BULL'S CHRISTMAS.*

Steady, one more drift, my bonnie ! bravely done,  
all danger past !

What ! No word or sign of welcome ! tried the door  
and found it fast.

Near at hand a ruined shelter, remnant of a cattle-  
shed ;

Safe within, the gray was grateful, pawing gently to  
be fed.

Soon a lantern, then a shadow, and within the creak-  
ing door

Stood a being such as mortal never saw on earth  
before.

Fierce his bitter imprecation—" Get you out, whoe'er  
you be !

I have sealed an oath in heaven never human face  
to see ;

Heart and soul to hate abandoned, love by cruel  
fortune wronged ;

I've renounced for years—forever—all that to my  
life belonged.

*OLE BULL'S CHRISTMAS.*

Take your way! Begone! Ay, perish in yon wild  
demoniac yeast;  
For the wrongs that I have suffered I will have  
revenge at least."  
"Fiend or madman!" Olé answered, seized his  
shoulder in a trice,  
Led him straight into the cabin, for his grip was like  
a vise;  
"I am here to stay till daylight, asking neither food  
nor grace;  
Sit you there within the shadow; and I charge you  
keep your place."

Hour by hour went by in silence, till the hermit,  
crooning low,  
Took a fiddle from his cupboard, woke the airs of  
long ago.  
Olé, wondering, looked and listened. Though his  
touch showed little art,  
He could feel the deeper music sweetly welling from  
the heart.

*OLE BULL'S CHRISTMAS.*

All perhaps to him remaining of a brighter, happier  
morn,

Ere his heart became a desert, and his curse was yet  
unborn.

Long he played the old-time music, as unconscious  
of his guest;

Then with cold and feigned politeness turned and  
spake in bitter jest;

In a tone of well-bred irony, telling of a better day,  
“Will the stranger who is with us lay aside his cloak  
and play?”

Olé rose and took that fiddle; said he never felt  
before

All the conscious power within him as upon that  
cabin floor,

Saw in vision panoramic circling galleries of acclaim,  
With the flush of joy ecstatic and with beauty's light  
afame;

Felt the glowing tide of transport swelling from a  
thousand hearts,

*OLE BULL'S CHRISTMAS.*

And the thrill of deep emotion when the tear in  
rapture starts ;

Ah, but that was gilded pageant, this was more than  
stately dome—

To a lonely heart in exile he is playing “ Home,  
Sweet Home.”

Nearer still and ever nearer, all entranced the hermit  
drew,

Gazed with open eyes of wonder through his lashes  
wet with dew ;

Thought his midnight guest an angel come unto him  
unawares,

As the music softly stealing brought again his mother’s  
prayers.

Long-pent tears, their barriers bursting, coursed his  
careworn furrows free,

In that far-off, storm-swept prairie, where God’s eye  
alone might see :

Desolate his heart and harder than the rock by  
Judah’s fold,

*OLÉ BULL'S CHRISTMAS.*

Smote by Olé's rod of magic, woke like Meribah of old.

Miracle of love eternal! Ever still life's mystic bowl,

Touched by human kindness, bubbles in the desert of the soul.

So, ere morning dawned, like brothers he and Olé side by side

Shared the narrow cot between them, made by faith and friendship wide.

“Saved, ay, saved!” the hermit murmured, “I have found my life again;

Learned a truer, deeper meaning in the words, my ‘fellow-men.’”

Then they took their way together when the storm was overpast;

In the crowded city parted, journeying on to meet— at last.

*OLÉ BULL'S CHRISTMAS.*

This was Olé's favorite story, which he told us standing here,  
With the fire-glow streaming o'er him—so the spot,  
    you see, is dear ;  
And, at evening in the winter, when I hear the village  
    bell,  
Olé's music floats about me, all the room seems in a  
    spell ;  
And again I hear him saying, "That one hermit to  
    enthall  
Stands among my proudest triumphs, sweetest, grand-  
    est of them all."

## THE ROCK WHERE MY MOTHER PLAYED.

I hear the notes of the Whip-poor-will  
As of old in the gathering shade;  
I sit by the rock on the quiet hill  
Where in girlhood my mother played.

With cheeks out-blooming the morning flowers,  
And with heart as light as May,  
It was here that she came in the golden hours,  
By the lichenized rock to play:

A granite waif, by glacier borne  
From a far-away northern sea;  
It seemed so lonely, from kindred torn,  
That she kept it company.

*THE ROCK WHERE MY MOTHER PLAYED.*

Till all in fancy or witching dream  
It shone with a glimmering light,  
While fairies trooped in the moon's pale beam,  
To dance through the summer night.

And such was her tender grace to me,  
As we wandered the forest wild,  
That ever the fairies seemed to be  
Her playmates when a child.

And she, a queen of the Sylphid race,  
On her silvery throne held sway;  
But alas! I dream of her girlish face,  
And the rock is cold and gray.

For the fairies went when my mother died,  
And my years were scarcely ten;  
I come to-night from wandering wide,  
But they never will come again.

***THE ROCK WHERE MY MOTHER PLAYED.***

I love the garden and orchard old,  
The meadows her footsteps pressed,  
And the stately oaks that shook their gold  
In the lap of their gentle guest.

I love the spring and the rippling rill,  
Where in evening she often strayed;  
But dearer to me the quiet hill  
And the rock where my mother played.

## THE NUPTIALS.

### NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

The nuptial-knot at last is firmly tied ;  
A hundred bells ring out a merry chime,  
A hundred wires proclaim to every clime—  
Manhattan takes fair Brooklyn for his bride.  
In strength and beauty growing side by side,  
Cities betrothed, you waited vigorous prime,  
Like steadfast lovers of the olden time,  
Ere greed and gain our early faith defied.  
We wish you joy. No longer twain, but one,  
For ever bound in links of triple steel ;  
You need no marriage ritual to rehearse,  
Which Venice chanted to bright Adria won ;  
No golden ring ; the service now is real—  
“ Each other take for better or for worse.”

## DESTINY.

I wandered down a brooklet bubbling bright,  
Which slowly widened gliding towards the sea ;  
A leaf aglow with Autumn's golden light  
From restful bough was nodding dreamily.  
Midway it hung, but, as my lifted hand  
Would pluck its beauty from the listless bough,  
A laughing breeze, so light it scarcely fanned  
The unkempt silver of the poplar's brow,  
Bore it across. I followed in my quest,  
And down the bank upon the farther side  
I journeyed on into the purpling west—  
The brooklet, now a river deep and wide,  
No more to be recrossed, it might not be—  
A drifting leaf—and yet my soul was free.

## ENVIRONMENT.

If the seed had not dropped,  
Or the tree had not grown,  
If the frost had not nipped,  
Or the leaf had not blown;  
Had it not drifted over  
The moment I passed,  
If the stream had been wider  
Its beauty that glassed!

Did the leaf know His will?—  
Too tangled the skein;  
Did I wander unguided?—  
The question is vain.  
Be it Fate or Free Will,  
What matter to me;  
Either side of the river  
Leads down to the sea.

## SCOTT'S GREETING TO BURNS.

[Scott introducing Burns to Shakespeare, in Central Park, New York, after the unveiling of the Burns statue. The three statues are within easy speaking distance of each other.]

We greet you, Robbie, here to-night,  
Beneath these stars so pure and bright ;  
We greet you, poet, come at last  
With " Will " and me your lot to cast.

We've talked aboot you mony a day,  
And wondered when you'd be this way.  
Reach out your hand, and gie's a shake  
Just ance, for auld acquaintance' sake.

*SCOTT'S GREETING TO BURNS.*

We welcome you from Scotia's land,  
And reach to you a brother's hand ;  
A kindred soul to greet you turns—  
Will Shakespeare, this is Robbie Burns.

We've sung your songs here mony a night  
Till that dear star is lost in light,  
And Willie says the lines you wrote  
Will even do for him to quote.

He likes your verses wondrous weel,  
And says you are a glorious chiel ;  
In fact, the only one that knows  
The space 'twixt poetry and prose.

O Robbie, if we had a plaid,  
We'd quite convert yon Stratford lad.  
He said, in truth, but yester-morn,  
“ I'm Scotch in wit, though English born ;

*SCOTT'S GREETING TO BURNS.*

“And, Walter, it may yet appear  
That Scotland takes in Warwickshire.  
Let Avon be the border line,  
Blot out the Tweed, or draw it fine.”

So, Willie, brew your peck o' maut,  
And set the board wi' Attic saut,  
For Rob has come at last, you see—  
We were a pair, but now we're three.

We need nae ither comrade now,  
No modern bard o' classic brow;  
’Tis lang before anither man  
Will be admitted to our clan.

In stormy nights ’twas lonesome here  
When “ Will ” recited half o’ “ Lear ”;  
But now he quotes your eerie tale  
In thunder, lightning, and in hail;

*SCOTT'S GREETING TO BURNS.*

And says his witches can't compare  
Wi' those that chased Tam's "guid grey mare."  
He's even learned your "Deil Address,"  
To quote some night for good Queen Bess;

For, Robbie, this is haunted ground,  
Where spirits keep their nightly round,  
And when the witchin' hour is near  
You'll see strange beings gather here.

I saw Queen Bess the other night  
Beside him, clad in vesture bright,  
While kings and queens, a noble throng,  
In dim procession passed along;

And walls seemed rising from the earth  
Like Leicester's tower at Kenilworth;  
And all the pageant that was there  
Seemed floating in the moonlit air.

*SCOTT'S GREETING TO BURNS.*

Ay, beauty, jealousy, and pride,  
In Dudley's halls walked side by side,  
While Amy Robsart seemed to stand  
With fair Ophelia, hand in hand.

And, Robbie, what a vision came  
As Willie whispered Ariel's name!  
The towers dissolved, and round him drew  
The stately, gentle, fair, and true—

Miranda, Juliet, Imogen,  
Hermione, and Katharine,  
While Rosalind among them stood—  
The sunlight of sweet Arden's wood.

'Twere long to pass them in review,  
For still the circle wider grew,  
Until the airy vision bright  
Was lost at last in liquid light.

*SCOTT'S GREETING TO BURNS.*

So let me whisper in your ear,  
Never to tell what passes here.  
There'll be a grand reception soon  
To greet the lad frae Bonnie Doon.

We'll gather up the jolliest crew—  
Falstaff, Prince Hal, and Roderick Dhu;  
And “a’ the rantin’ brither Scots  
Frae Maiden Kirk tae John o’ Groats.”

So, Robbie, mak’ yoursel’ at home,  
’Mang friends and brithers you have come,  
And here’s a land that’s quite as fair  
As that between the Doon and Ayr.

A land that glories in its youth,  
That owns nae creed but living truth,  
Where “pith o’ sense and pride o’ worth ”  
A refuge find frae rank and birth;

*SCOTT'S GREETING TO BURNS.*

A land that's made your verses real,  
Whose guinea-stamp is honor's seal ;  
Ay, Robbie, here they've quite forgot  
To write the "Sir"—just Walter Scott.

And here your songs will ever ring  
Through a' the years the centuries bring,  
Till all are free, and every sea  
Shall know nae shore but liberty.

## COLUMBIA'S SON.

He stood beneath the crowning monument  
To Walter Scott in Edinboro' town,  
A lad of six, our Malcolm, who had spent  
Scarcely a week 'mid Scotland's heather brown ;  
And, sighing, asked his mother every day—  
“ Why don't they paint these houses, old and  
gray ? ”

For well he knew the Hudson's cheery shore,  
With golden sunsets flooding all the west ;  
Could lisp a bit of Rip Van Winkle's lore,  
And deemed his home an island of the blest ;  
So dear the homestead brook and crystal lake,  
We thought at first his little heart would break.

*COLUMBIA'S SON.*

And what to him was all the storied past,  
The rich romance which Scotia's children share ?  
Too young to know the love that binds us fast,  
Which he some day will also proudly bear ;  
He only saw dun walls and grayish sky  
To dim the blue of his bright laughing eye.

Methought, therefore, an object-lesson now  
I'll give the boy, right here, upon the spot;  
Beneath the kindly, clear, uncovered brow  
Of him we love, our glorious Walter Scott ;  
I'll tell him why this lofty pile commands  
The reverent homage of far distant lands.

I bade him look from base to towering spire,  
From flying buttress to dissolving line,  
To crowded niches with their minstrel-choir,  
Whose living songs all hearts and lands entwine ;  
I thought to make full clear ere I began  
The greatness of the poet and the man.

*COLUMBIA'S SON.*

I had my points arranged to make them tell,  
The Trosachs, Tweed, and Forth in order due;  
Highland and Lowland, crag and misty fell,  
Where beacons blazed and fiery crosses flew;  
I summoned all the wealth at my command,  
And held my audience fairly by the hand.

Enrapt he stood; intently gazed on high—  
He seemed so small beneath that spire so great;  
I thought to get “Don’t know” as his reply,  
And then at large upon my theme dilate;  
’Twould take, forsooth, the best part of an hour  
To sketch the Wizzard and his matchless power.

“Now, listen, Malcolm,” slowly I began—  
I didn’t want the little fellow dazed—  
“Just think a moment: Do you know the man  
For whom this noble monument was raised?”  
With answer worthy of Columbia’s son  
He took it in, and said: “George Washington.”

## A HAND-SHAKE.

TO A CLASSMATE, AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

What ! fifteen years ? No, not that long !  
The record, David, must be wrong.  
Dear Mother Yale, correct your sight,  
It's only 'sixty-seven to-night.

There's some mistake—no jesting here—  
We're hardly out of senior year.  
Dear mother, look again, I pray !  
Last June was our Commencement-day.

The elms on old New Haven green  
Have scarcely lost their russet sheen ;  
It only seems an evening since  
We sat upon the college fence.

*A HAND-SHAKE.*

But tell me, now, whose bairns are these—  
Bright boys and girls, about your knees ?  
Somehow they seem to look like you.  
Old Yale is right—'tis 'eighty-two.

Ay, facts are chiels which winna ding,  
And bairns are facts the decades bring.  
Come home with me, I'll introduce  
Another flock that looks like Bruce.

I think we'll have another pair  
To take our seats in college there—  
Ah, David, how old Yale will shine  
When she receives your boys and mine !

They'll never sleep in Chapel !—no !  
Like bricks tipped sideways in a row ;  
They'll never help each other through  
Old Euclid, like some lads we knew.

*A HAND-SHAKE.*

It's our good-luck and dearest joy  
To find more gold in each alloy ;  
For in each bright and childish face  
We both can read their mother's grace.

Let others boast their gear and wealth,  
These are our treasures, rich with health ;  
The living gold that's coined above,  
Fresh from the mint and stamped with love.

Upon this truth we take our stand,  
Two brothers of a scattered band.  
Give us your hand, for words are lame,  
I find you, David, just the same ;

With cheery voice, with generous heart,  
With will to do the manly part ;  
A noble leader now as then—  
"Twas then of boys, but now of men.

## THE PRINTER-BOY'S DREAM.

On a rickety stool by a rickety door  
Of the editor's room on the upper floor,

In the inner sanctum of pen and shears,  
Sat a printer's boy of uncertain years

Waiting for copy; and all was still  
Save the rasping scratch of a rapid quill.

The Carrier's Address was being born  
In the old-time verse for the New Year's morn;

And the editor wrote like a man inspired,  
But the hour was late, and the boy was tired.

Congressional Records, in binding grim,  
And Patent Reports looked down on him—

### *THE PRINTER-BOY'S DREAM.*

Plump volumes revealing the nation's health,  
And of books the editor's only wealth.

Large files of papers, dusty and old,  
In unswept corners quietly told

That his paper was somehow a thing of dates,  
While the plums were reserved for happier fates.

But the books, and the files, and the editor gray,  
To the drowsy boy were fading away;

And the narrow room seemed a gallery grand,  
With rich-wrought carvings on every hand.

Beautiful volumes quaint and old,  
Yellow vellums with clasps of gold,

Arranged in ebony cases rare,  
Greeted his vision everywhere;

And he noted—the books in tens were placed,  
And a hundred volumes each alcove graced.

*THE PRINTER-BOY'S DREAM.*

Eighteen were closed with a brazen bar,  
But the Nineteenth alcove was still ajar.

No parchment here ; the books were new,  
And the last was registered Eighty-two ;

While a boy in feature resembling him,  
Not ragged and soiled, but neat and trim,

Near the lower shelf, he seemed to see  
Placing another marked Eighty-three ;

And an angel sat in a golden chair,  
Writing in characters bright and fair

With a noiseless pen ; and the volume bore  
On the clear white margin Eighty-four.

But the vision vanished with, “ Johnny, come !  
This to the foreman, and then go home.

“ Wait, one line more—a merry cheer !  
To each and all a blithe New Year ! ”

*THE PRINTER-BOY'S DREAM.*

Gone were the alcoves with carving old,  
And volumes rich with clasps of gold;  
  
The Patent Reports came back again,  
The whitewashed wall, the dingy den;  
  
And the angel that sat in glory there  
Was the editor gray in his old arm-chair.

## ALPINE SPRING.

TO MY MOTHER, MARY ANN MACALPINE BRUCE.

*Dedicated at DeFuniak Springs, Florida.*

I know the mountain brooklets in the pass of wild  
Glencoe,

Where waved the MacAlpine standard a thousand  
years ago.

'I have heard the pibroch sounding by stream and  
wooded fell,

And lingered in the gloaming beside St. Ronan's  
Well.

I know the homestead fountain, where the waters  
bubble bright,

Beneath the oak and maple aglow with golden light;  
I listen to the music of the gurgling sylvan rill,  
And the gentle, mellow cadence of the wondering  
whippoorwill.

*ALPINE SPRING.*

I wander down the footpath, in memory here to-day,  
With my mother to that springside in the hills so far  
away;

I hear the old-time stories, kneel again beside her  
knee,

And the woodland's murmuring music through the  
twilight speaks to me,

With a love that knows no distance, though deep  
shadows intervene,

Leading back the weary wanderer through the mead-  
ows fair and green,

With a love that lifts her rainbow, though the skies  
be dark above—

Sunshine from a sphere immortal, born of heaven—a  
mother's love.

In the glory of this sunshine we have come in glad-  
ness now,

In the light that veils her presence, reverent with un-  
covered brow ;

*ALPINE SPRING.*

Here beside the gentle music of fair waters flowing  
free—

Alpine Spring, my sainted mother, consecrates its  
heart to thee.

Come, then, children, free and happy, for her laugh  
was light as yours;

Come, fair youth, with golden promise that abideth  
and endures;

Come, fond age, that now is waiting for the bliss that  
she hath won;

Welcome to the Alpine fountain while its waters greet  
the sun.

## INCH-CAILLIACH, LOCH LOMOND.

(*The island burial-place of Clan-Alpine, resembling, from Rossdhu, a reclining body with folded arms.*)

No more Clan-Alpine's pibroch wakes  
Loch Lomond's hills and waters blue;  
“Hail to the Chief” no longer breaks  
The quiet sleep of Roderick Dhu:  
Enwrapped in peace the islands gleam  
Like emerald gems in sapphire set,  
And, far away, as in a dream,  
Float purple fields where heroes met.

Inch-Cailliach—island of the blest!  
Columba’s daughter, passing fair,  
With folded arms upon her breast,  
Rests soft in sunset radiance there;

*INCH-CAILLIACH, LOCH LOMOND.*

A vision sweet of fond Elaine,  
And floating barge of Camelot,  
Upon her brow no trace of pain,  
And on her heart “Forget me not.”

Forget thee, saintly guardian? Nay,  
From distant lands across the sea  
To this lone isle I fondly stray  
With song and garland fresh for thee;  
I trace the old inscriptions dear,  
Fast fading now from mortal ken,  
And through the silvered lichens peer  
To read MacAlpine’s name again.

My mother’s name, a sacred link  
That binds me to the storied past;  
A rainbow bridge from brink to brink,  
Which spans with light the centuries vast.  
Two hundred years! Clan-Alpine’s pine  
Has struck its roots in other lands;

*INCH-CAILLIACH, LOCH LOMOND.*

My pulses thrill to trace the sign  
And touch the cross with reverent hands.

All ruin here!—the shrine is dust,  
The chapel wall a shapeless mound;  
But nature guards with loyng trust,  
And ivy twines her tendrils round  
The simple slab, sublimer far  
Than gilded dome for Scotia's line;  
The open sky and northern star  
Befit the chieftains of the pine.

The light streams out from fair Rossdhu  
Across the golden-tinted wave;  
That crumbling keep, that ancient yew,  
Still mark a worthy foeman's grave;  
But warm the hearts that now await  
Our coming at the open door,  
With love and friendship at the gate,  
And beacon-lights along the shore.

*INCH-CAILLIACH, LOCH LOMOND.*

Dear Scotia! ever yet more dear  
To loyal sons in every land;  
Strong in a race that knew not fear,  
And for man's freedom dared to stand;  
Ay, dearer for thy songs that float  
Like thistle-down o'er land and sea,  
And strike the universal note  
Of love and faith and liberty.

## THE AULD BRIG'S WELCOME.

*Delivered at the unveiling of the Burns Statue, Ayr,  
July 8, 1891.*

The Auld Brig hails wi' hearty cheer—  
Uncover, lads, for Burns is here!  
The bard who links us all to fame,  
And blends his own with Scotia's name.

Seven hundred years the winding Ayr  
Has glassed my floating image there;  
I've seen long centuries glide away,  
But Robin brought our blithest day.

I heard the Thirteenth's warlike peal  
Wake serried ranks of glinting steel:  
All wrinkled now, yet in my prime,  
I wait with joy the Twentieth's chime.

*THE AULD BRIG'S WELCOME.*

I cherish weel in memory bright  
The glorious deeds of Wallace wight,  
And deem the very stones are blessed  
Which bind the arch his feet have pressed.

I mind the time King Robert's band  
With sweeping oar left Arran's strand ;  
The flame that lit yon Carrick hill  
All round the world is shining still.

Old Coila's had her share of fame,  
Her bead-roll treasures many a name ;  
She's had her heroes great and sma',  
But Robin stands aboon them a'.

The auld clay-biggin of his birth  
Becomes the shrine of all the earth ;  
The room where rose the Cotter's prayer  
The proudest heritage of Ayr.

*THE AULD BRIG'S WELCOME.*

No starlit sky, no summer noon,  
But kens the banks o' bonnie Doon;  
No human heart but fondly turns  
Responsive to the Land of Burns.

Ah, Burns! who dares to call thee poor!  
Each skylark nest on yonder moor,  
Each daisy-bloom on flowery mead,  
The lambs that on the meadows feed,

Each field and brae by burn or stream,  
Where wandering lovers come to dream,  
Are all thine own. As vassals all  
We gather here from princely hall,

From lowly cot, from hills afar,  
From southern clime, from western star,  
To bring our love; all hearts are thine  
By title time can never tyne.

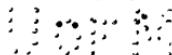
*THE AULD BRIG'S WELCOME.*

The crowning meed of praise belongs  
To him who makes a people's songs ;  
Who strikes one note—the common good,  
One chord—a wider brotherhood ;

Who drops a word of cheer to bless  
His fellow-mortal in distress,  
And lightens on life's dusty road  
Some traveller, weary of his load ;

Who finds the Mousie's trembling heart  
Of God's great universe a part ;  
And in the Daisy's crimson tips  
Discerns a soul with human lips.

We little dreamed when " Mailie " died  
Those tender words would speed so wide ;  
Men smiled and wept, and went their way—  
The prince was clad in hodden gray.



*THE AULD BRIG'S WELCOME.*

Though but a brig, it garred me greet  
To hear him pour his "Vision" sweet,  
And in one crowning climax seal  
His pity even for the Deil.

To see the couthie Twa Dogs there,  
Their joys and griefs wi' ither share—  
A cantie tale, it made me smile  
That sic a lad was born in Kyle;

Who caught the witches in a dance,  
And bound them all in lasting trance;  
The very land is bright and gay  
Since Tam o' Shanter rode this way.

The Auld Brig kens the story well  
These rippling wavelets love to tell:  
"Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore"—  
A fonder kiss his waters bore

*THE AULD BRIG'S WELCOME.*

That raptured hour, that sacred vow,  
Are love's eternal treasures now ;  
Montgomery's towers may fall away,  
But Highland Mary lives for aye.

And sweeter still the swelling song  
Of loyal love repairing wrong ;  
Like mavis notes that gently fa'—  
“ Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.”

Brave bonnie Jean ! We love to tell  
The story from thy lips that fell ;  
The lengthened life which Heaven gave  
Casts radiant twilight on his grave.

A noble woman, strong to shield ;  
Her tender heart his trusty bield ;  
The critic from her doorway turns  
With faith renewed and love for Burns.

*THE AULD BRIG'S WELCOME.*

She knew as no one else could know  
The heavy burden of his woe ;  
The carking care, the wasting pain—  
Each welded link of misery's chain.

She saw his early sky o'ercast,  
And gloomy shadows gathering fast,  
His soul by bitter sorrow torn,  
And knew that "man was made to mourn."

She heard him by the sounding shore  
Which speaks his name for evermore,  
And felt the anguish of his prayer :  
" Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr."

O Robert Burns ! by tempest tossed,  
Storm-swept, by cruel whirlwinds crossed ;  
Thy prayers, like David's psalms of old,  
Make all our plaints and wailings cold.

*THE AULD BRIG'S WELCOME.*

In weakness sown, yet raised in might,  
He wept that we might know the right ;  
His sweetest pleasures pain-imbued ;  
His song a drama's interlude.

And who dare thrust his idle word  
Where God's own equities are heard ?  
“ Who made the heart, 'tis He alone ”—  
Let him that's guiltless cast the stone.

We know but this : his living song  
Protects the weak and tramples wrong ;  
Refracting radiance of delight,  
His prisms'd genius, clear and bright,

Illumes all Scotland far and wide,  
And Caledonia throbs with pride  
To hear her grand old Doric swell  
From Highland crag to Lowland dell ;

*THE AULD BRIG'S WELCOME.*

To find, where'er her children stray,  
Her "Auld Lang Syne," her "Scots wha hae,"  
And words of hope which proudly span  
The centuries vast—"A man's a man."

Then welcome, Burns, from shore to shore!  
All hail, our Robin, evermore!  
Though late, we greet the Ploughman's name  
Full in the morning of his fame.

## “UNO DE MILLE.”

ONE OF “THE THOUSAND” OF GARIBALDI.

### LAKE COMO.

Another gone of “The Thousand” brave;  
Across Lake Como borne to his grave.  
“Uno de Mille” they softly say  
Waiting there by the quiet bay:  
A crowded piazza, a weeping sky;  
Hush! The steamer is drawing nigh.

“Uno de Mille!” Who is he?  
A soldier, they whisper, of liberty;  
One of the thousand from college hall  
Who rallied at Garibaldi’s call:  
His voyage finished, the anchor cast,  
Home at Como to sleep at last.

*"UNO DE MILLE."*

Home, by her rippling waters blue,  
Mirroring skies of tender hue;  
Home, where a kinsman's heart-felt tear  
Hallows a brother-soldier's bier;  
Home, where a noble comrade now  
Plaits a chaplet to grace his brow.

Strew with roses the hero's way,  
Over the sleeping warrior pray;  
Home, from journeying far and wide,  
Welcome him here with stately pride;  
The night, my brother, comes to me;  
The morn, Italia, to thee!

Strew with roses the hero's way,  
Over the sleeping warrior pray;  
Wake, Italia! Speak for me,  
Reunited from sea to sea;  
Guard with honor the sacred bier,  
“Uno de Mille” is lying here.

*"UNO DE MILLE."*

Thus mused his comrade through the night,  
Weaving a garland fresh and bright ;  
Sorrowing for a brother dead,  
Summoning hours forever fled ;  
The light burns dim, the dawning day  
Touches the mountains cold and gray.

The pen has fallen from his grasp,  
His head is bowed, his hands unclasp ;  
The sunlight pierces the casement there,  
He greets the morning with stony stare ;  
The day, Italia, breaks for thee !  
The night, my brother, comes to me.

Not as he deemed. He little thought  
The morrow's work would be unwrought.  
Little he dreamed the boat that bore  
His comrade dead to Como's shore,  
Dark-draped its homeward course should keep  
To bear him too where his kinsmen sleep.

*"UNO DE MILLE."*

Hushed again the crowded square,  
Sky and lake the stillness share ;  
Over the mountains a fading glow—  
“Duo de Mille” they murmur low ;  
One, with tapers in yonder dome,  
One, ‘neath the starlight, going home.

And so they parted, not in tears,  
Wedded in death through coming years ;  
Sleeping remote by the sunny shore,  
Reunited forevermore !  
Lake Como sings one song to me :  
“The morn, Italia, to thee !”

## THE YOSEMITE.

Waiting to-night for the moon to rise  
O'er the cliffs that narrow Yosemite's skies;  
Waiting for darkness to melt away  
In the silver light of a midnight day;  
Waiting, like one in a waking dream,  
I stand alone by the rushing stream.

Alone, in a temple vast and grand,  
With spire and turret on every hand;  
A world's cathedral, with walls sublime,  
Chiselled and carved by the hand of Time;  
And over all heaven's crowning dome,  
Whence gleam the beacon-lights of home.

*THE YOSEMITE.*

The spectral shadows dissolve; and now  
The moonlight halos El Capitan's brow;  
And the lesser stars grow pale and dim  
Along the sheer-cut mountain rim;  
Till, touched with magic, the gray walls stand  
Like phantom mountains on either hand.

Yet I know they are real, for I see the spray  
Of Yosemite Fall in the moonlight play,  
Swaying and trembling, a radiant glow  
From the sky above to the vale below;  
Like the ladder of old to Jacob given—  
A line of light from earth to heaven.

And there comes to my soul a vision dear,  
As of shining spirits hovering near;  
And I feel the sweet and wondrous power  
Of a presence that fills the midnight hour;  
And I know that Bethel is everywhere,  
For prayer is the foot of the angel stair.

*THE YOSEMITE.*

A light divine, a holy rest,  
Floods all the valley and fills my breast;  
The very mountains are hushed in sleep  
From Eagle Point to Sentinel Keep;  
And a lifelong lesson is taught me to-night,  
When shrouded in shadow, to wait for the light.

Waiting at dawn for the morn to break  
By the crystal waters of Mirror Lake;  
Waiting to see the mountains gray  
Clearly defined in the light of day;  
Reflected and throned in glory here,  
A lakelet that seems but the valley's tear.

Waiting; but look! the South Dome bright  
Is floating now in a sea of light;  
And Cloud's Rest, glistening with caps of snow,  
Inverted stands in the vale below,  
With tow'ring peaks and cliffs on high,  
Hanging to meet another sky.

*THE YOSEMITE.*

O crystal gem in setting rare!  
O soul-like mirror in middle air!  
O forest heart of eternal love!  
Earth-born, but pure as heaven above,  
This Sabbath morn we find in thee  
The poet's dream of purity.

The hours pass by; I am waiting now  
On Glacier Point's o'erhanging brow;  
Waiting to see the picture pass,  
Like the fleeting show of a wizard-glass;  
Waiting; and still the vision seems  
Woven of light and colored with dreams.

But the cloud-capped towers and pillars gray  
Securely stand in the light of day;  
The Temple wall is firm and sure;  
The worshippers pass, but it shall endure,  
And will, while loud Yosemite calls  
To bright Nevada and Vernal Falls.

*THE YOSEMITE.*

O grand and majestic organ choir,  
With deep-toned voices that never tire!  
O anthem written in notes that glow  
On the rainbow bars of Po-ho-no!  
O sweet “Te Deum” for ever sung,  
With spray, like incense, heavenward swung!—

Thy music my soul with rapture thrills,  
And there comes to my lips “The templed hills;  
Thy rocks and rills,” a nation’s song,  
From valley to mountain borne along;  
My country’s temple, built for thee,  
Crowned with the Cap of Liberty!

O country reaching from shore to shore!  
O fairest land the wide world o'er!  
Columbia dear, whose mountains rise  
From fertile valleys to sunny skies,  
Stand firm and sure, and bold and free,  
As thy granite-walled Yosemite.

## NIAGARA.

Proud swaying pendant of a crystal chain,  
On fair Columbia's rich and bounteous breast,  
With beaded lakes that necklace-like retain  
Heaven's stainless blue with golden sunlight blest!  
What other land can boast a gem so bright!  
With colors born of sun and driven spray—  
A brooch of glory, amulet of might,  
Where all the irised beauties softly stray.  
Ay, more—God's living voice, Niagara, thou!  
Proclaiming wide the anthem of the free;  
The starry sky the crown upon thy brow,  
Thy ceaseless chant a song of Liberty.  
But this thy birthright, this thy sweetest dower,  
Yon arching rainbow—Love still spanning Power.

## THE HUDSON.

### I.

Gray streaks of dawn are faintly seen;  
The stars of half their light are shorn;  
The Hudson, with its banks of green,  
Lies tranquil in the early morn.

The earth and sky breathe sacred rest—  
A holy peace too sweet to break—  
A spell like that Divine behest  
Which stilled the Galilean lake.

The circling hills, with foreheads fair,  
Await with joy the crowning rays;  
All nature bows in grateful prayer;  
The templed groves respond with praise.

*THE HUDSON.*

Ye trembling shafts of glorious light,  
Dart from the east with golden gleam ;  
Cleave the dark shield of fleeing Night,  
And slay her with your arrowy beam.

Cities and hamlets, up and down  
This level highway to the sea,  
Along the banks sit gray and brown,  
Dim shadows musing dreamily.

Adown the river sloops and ships  
Float slowly with the lazy tide ;  
And round the bluff a paddle dips  
Where once the storm-ship used to ride.

The vision widens as the morn  
Sweeps through the portals of the day ;  
Purple and rosy mists adorn  
Mountain and hill-top far away.

*THE HUDSON.*

II.

The Catskills to the northward rise  
With massive swell and towering crest—  
The old-time “mountains of the skies,”  
The threshold of eternal rest;

Where Manitou once lived and reigned,  
Great spirit of a race gone by;  
And Ontiora lies enchain'd,  
With face uplifted to the sky.

The dream-land, too, of later days,  
Where Rip Van Winkle slept in peace,  
Wrapped up in deep poetic haze—  
A twenty years of sweet release.

Ay, burning years! a nation's forge!  
To wake to freedom grown to more—  
To find another painted “George”  
Above the old familiar door.

*THE HUDSON.*

Through summer heat and winter snow,  
Beside that rushing mountain stream,  
Just how he slept we cannot know ;  
Perhaps 'twas all a pleasant dream.

Mayhap in many a wintry squall,  
Or howling blast, or blinding storm,  
He thought he heard Dame Gretchen call,  
And that sufficed to keep him warm ;

Or else that flagon's wondrous draught,  
Distilled in some weird elfin-land,  
Drawn from the keg old Hendrick quaffed,  
And shared by all his silent band.

O legends full of life and health,  
That live when records fail and die,  
Ye are the Hudson's richest wealth,  
The frondage of her history !

*THE HUDSON.*

III.

And musing here this quiet morn,  
I call up pictures far away,  
Of fountains where thy wave is born,  
Of rills that in deep shadows play;

Of forest trail, and lake and stream,  
Rich poems bound in green and gold,  
Whose leaves reflect the autumn gleam  
Ere summer months are growing old;

Of camp-fires bright with dancing flame,  
Where dreams and visions floated free,  
And Rosalind, with Annie's name,  
Interpreted the dreams to me:

Lake Avalanche with rocky wall,  
And Henderson's dark-wooded shore,  
Your echoes linger still, and call  
Unto my soul for evermore.

## *THE HUDSON.*

Tahawas, rising stern and grand,  
“Cloud-sunderer,” lift thy forehead high;  
Guard well thy sun-kissed mountain land,  
Whose lakes seem borrowed from the sky.

O Hudson! mountain-born and free,  
Thy youth a deep impression takes;  
For, mountain-guarded to the sea,  
Thy course is but a chain of lakes.

## IV.

And not alone thy features fair,  
And legend lore and matchless grace,  
But noble deeds of courage rare  
Illume, as with a soul, thy face.

The Highlands and the Palisades  
Mirror their beauty in the tide;  
The history of whose forest shades  
A nation reads with conscious pride.

*THE HUDSON.*

On either side these mountain glens  
Lie open like a massive book,  
Whose words were graved with iron pens,  
And lead into the eternal rock ;

Which evermore shall here retain  
The annals time cannot erase ;  
And while these granite leaves remain,  
This crystal ribbon marks the place.

The spot where Kosciusko dreamed—  
Fort Putnam's gray and ruined wall ;  
West Point, where patriot bayonets gleamed—  
This open page reveals them all.

From Stony Point to Bemis Height,  
From Saratoga to the sea,  
We trace the lines, now dark, now bright,  
From seventy-six to eighty-three.

*THE HUDSON.*

We celebrate our hundredth year  
With thankful hearts and words of praise,  
And learn a lasting lesson here  
Of trust and hope for coming days.

v.

And sweet to me this other thought,  
And more than fancy to my mind :  
These grand divisions, plainly wrought,  
In human life a semblance find.

The Adirondacks, childhood's glee ;  
The Catskills, youth with dreams o'ercast ;  
The Highlands, manhood bold and free ;  
The Tappan Zee, age come at last.

O Tappan Zee ! with peaceful hills,  
And slumbrous sky and drowsy air,  
Thy calm and restful spirit stills  
The heart weighed down with weary care.

*THE HUDSON.*

Pocantico's hushed waters glide  
Through Sleepy Hollow's haunted ground,  
And whisper to the listening tide  
The name carved o'er one lowly mound.

Fair mansions rise on every hill,  
With turrets crowned, and stately towers,  
Which men can buy and sell at will ;  
But old Van Tassel's home is ours :

A quiet, cosy little nest,  
Enshrined and loved for evermore ;  
Where Geoffrey Crayon came to rest,  
When all his wanderings were o'er.

Thrice blest and happy Tappan Zee,  
Whose banks along thy glistening tide  
Have legend, truth, and poetry  
Sweetly expressed in Sunnyside.

*THE HUDSON.*

VI.

The twilight falls, the picture fades ;  
My soul has drifted down the stream ;  
And now, beneath the Palisades,  
I wonder, “ Is it all a dream ? ”

Below the cliffs Manhattan’s spires  
Glint back the sunset’s latest beam ;  
The bay is flecked with twinkling fires ;  
Or is it but “ Van Kortlandt’s dream ? ”

Hark ! Freedom’s arms ring far and wide ;  
Again these forts with beacons gleam ;  
Loud cannon roar on every side—  
I start, I wake ; I did but dream.

Deep silence ’mid these glorious hills ;  
Dark shadows on the silver stream ;  
My very soul with rapture thrills :  
“ Is’t heaven, or earth, or but a dream ? ”

*THE HUDSON.*

Nay! true as life, and deep as love,  
And real amid the things that seem;  
For Earth below and Heaven above  
Proclaim "truth stranger than a dream."

## IN CLOVER AND HEATHER.

There are greetings the wide world over,  
And blossoms wherever we roam,  
But none like the heather and clover  
To welcome the wanderer home.

Warm-hearted with kindred devotion,  
Twin sisters in sympathy true,  
They whisper across the wide ocean,  
Love-laden with memory's dew.

In purple tints woven together  
The Hudson shakes hands with the Tweed,  
Commingling with Abbotsford's heather  
The clover of Sunnyside's mead.

*IN CLOVER AND HEATHER.*

A token of friendship immortal  
With Washington Irving returns—  
Scott's ivy entwined o'er his portal  
By the “Blue-eyed Lassie” of Burns.

Their names by heather-bells wedded  
With fondness Columbia retains;  
In freedom's foundation imbedded  
The lay of the minstrel remains.

Ay, this their commission and glory,  
In redolent bloom to prolong  
Love, liberty, legend, and story,  
That blossom in ballad and song.

So here's to the clover and heather  
Of river-side, mountain and glen,  
As I stand wi' doffed bonnet and feather  
At the yetts of my forebears again!

## THE HOMESTEAD WELL.

Again beside the Homestead Well,  
And moss-grown bucket 'neath the trees,  
With trickling drops that, bead-like, tell  
    My prayers unto the passing breeze ;  
I hear them pattering one by one  
    In purling music as of old,  
When blithely rose the morning sun  
    And sprinkled hill and dale with gold.

I gaze upon the threshold there,  
The doorway that my mother knew—  
A happy group of faces fair  
    Refills the frame of antique hue;

### *THE HOMESTEAD WELL.*

The sloping roof seems nearer now,  
Endeared by dreams that reached the skies,  
Fond memories gather as I bow  
And greet the past with moistened eyes.

The meadow-walk is still the same,  
Familiar flowers befringe the path ;  
They seem to speak my sister's name  
In childhood's golden aftermath ;  
The gray rail fence has been replaced,  
But in the picture that I see  
The coloring is not effaced—  
It all remains the same to me.

Again the orchard ladders lean  
Against the trees of long ago,  
While eager hands the fruitage glean—  
Bright "gilly-flowers" of ruddy glow,  
Round "rattle-apples," plump and red,  
To which I listened when a boy—

### *THE HOMESTEAD WELL*

Ah, even then was sweetness wed  
To beauty in a fleeting joy.

Yon quiet lane where once I strayed  
Invites me to the wooded crest,  
Through fields and meadows where I played  
With nature as a welcome guest;  
I see the open bars again,  
Near which the flock was wont to sleep,  
And years roll back as up the glen  
I hear the scurrying of the sheep.

Ah, far-off pictures! gazing still  
Into the magic mirror here,  
I dream of mead and rippling rill,  
Yet find the Homestead Well most dear;  
Its swinging bucket fondly glows,  
A swaying pendulum of light,  
A happy horologe that throws  
No shadow on its dial bright.

*THE HOMESTEAD WELL.*

But wider visions meet my gaze—  
I trace the glorious Hudson now,  
Her lofty crags and crystal bays,  
Whose beauty crowns Columbia's brow ;  
I muse beside the Northern lakes  
Where braided streams in music flow—  
Again o'er far Sierra breaks  
The morn to tint her peaks of snow.

I dwell amid Edina's towers,  
And wander down the banks of Ayr,  
By winding Avon gather flowers,  
Westminster's proudest trophies share ;  
I tread old Haarlem's stately halls,  
And float upon the Zuyder-Zee—  
Along the Rhine, whose ivied walls  
And vine-clad hills breathe liberty.

O wayside wanderer ! Yonder sky,  
Reflected here in mirror true,

***THE HOMESTEAD WELL.***

No rival knows, though far and nigh  
Thy feet have brushed the morning dew;  
But something in this liquid light  
Recalls those dear Parisian days,  
Riviera's noontide clear and white,  
Mentone's cliff and sunlit bays.

Sweet Naples, terraced to the sky,  
Milano's poem hung in air,  
Ravenna's gates that time defy,  
Verona dear and Florence fair;  
Proud Venice, holding once the key  
Of commerce as it journeyed west,  
The "swan-like" city of the sea,  
Asleep upon a tideless breast.

Como! of mountain lakes the queen!  
Lucerne the King! Behold them now!  
I see her crown of emerald green,  
The glacier diamonds on his brow!

*THE HOMESTEAD WELL.*

Geneva ! guardian of the brave,  
Where exiled freedom found a home ;  
And there above the Cæsar's grave  
In glory still—eternal Rome.

How wide the circle sweeps away  
From this fond centre of the heart,  
From meadows green to cities gray,  
From waving fields to crowded mart ;  
Like weary doves our thoughts return  
Again unto the homestead ark—  
Across the wastes our spirits yearn  
Ere twilight slips into the dark.

Dear Homestead Well, thy mirror fair,  
Deep-set within its stony frame,  
Reflects the joy, illumes the care,  
The weary steps by which we came :  
The mountain trails that seemed so steep  
No mortal foot might find its way,

***THE HOMESTEAD WELL.***

Where faith and lofty genius keep  
Their star-lit journey to the day.

O far-off, tranquil, peaceful days,  
Ere life becomes a hurrying stream,  
While yet the gentle brooklet plays  
And to the pebbles sings its dream;  
These later scenes cannot replace  
The pictures that I know full well,  
And in my inmost heart I trace  
What youth and love alone can tell.

O colors born of morning dew  
That canvas never yet has seen;  
No other skies are half so blue,  
No other meadows half so green;  
I hold and keep in memory dear  
The days and dreams that would not stay,  
The summer days then seemed a year,  
And now the years seem but a day.

*THE HOMESTEAD WELL.*

So here, entranced in gentle spell,  
I wait again with trusting heart  
To let the magic mirror tell  
The story that it would impart;  
For not alone in retrospect,  
But faithful yet to loving eye,  
Its crystal waters still reflect  
The sunlight of a cloudless sky.

## DE FUNIAK LAKE.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS OF WESTERN FLORIDA.

*(A magic spring one mile in circumference, round as the moon and clear as the sky.)*

A lotus-land where Time forgets its date,  
A dreaming-place beneath the swaying trees ;  
A lake so pure it seems the wedded mate  
    Of yon fair sky, before the rustling breeze  
To rippling laughter wakes its gentle breast,  
    Showing it, too, is human : Oh, what joy  
To roam in sunlight here, kind Nature's guest,  
    Wooing her smile ! or, bliss without alloy,  
To watch the moonlight kiss the lapsing wave  
    With one we love, and speak with answering eyes  
The language Paradise ne'er lost, but gave  
    Lest man should be an outcast from the skies.  
No spot so sweet ; no water half so blue ;  
    God's crowning circle wrought with compass true.

## A STAR-EYED DAISY.

SAN MARCO, ST. AUGUSTINE.

(*Tricentennial Anniversary, 1886.*)

Ensigns of empires flaunt thy flanking wall,  
Grim ancient warders guard thy storied gate,  
Loud Babled centuries at thy bastions wait  
On Spanish, French, and English seneschal.  
Rich yellow folds of Castile's haughty state,  
Fair Fleur de Lys from proud Parisian hall,  
St. George's Cross triumphant o'er them all,  
Recall long years of fierce and bloody hate.  
But now the star-eyed daisy lifts its form  
From crevice, chink, and crumbling parapet,  
Without one stain of battle's crimson storm  
On snowy leaf with golden petal set :  
Bright banneret which Nature kindly rears,  
To deck with light the mould of bitter years.

TO PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

COMMEMORATING HIS EIGHTIETH YEAR.

Dame Nature, communing with Coila one day,  
Remarked in a social, neighborly way,  
That she had been kept rather busy of late  
Attending to poets and matters of state;

That Robbie had closed up the century well,  
And Byron and Scott would hold out for a spell;  
She was therefore inclined to take a vacation,  
And, on her return, to startle the nation;

Would visit, forsooth, Asia Minor and Greece,  
And lay out a plan for her great masterpiece.  
So she wandered unseen for a time among men,  
Returning about eighteen hundred and ten.

*TO PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE.*

Then straightway to Coila her way she betook,  
And found her ensconced in a bright cosey nook.  
With swift-wingèd words her tale she began—  
I've found the essentials for making a man;

The proper proportion of genius and art,  
Love, humor, and pathos, mind, body, and heart,  
With habiliments, too, that are fit for a king,  
Or better, for genuine princes that sing.

I met the nine Muses, who gave me a piece—  
A delicate web of the old Golden Fleece—  
Which they bade me to take far over the wave  
To bright sunny lands where magnolias wave;

To a fountain of youth, Ponce de Leon by name,  
And I wandered for months without finding the same ;  
The woes of Ulysses were nothing to mine,  
But I stayed by the Fleece as I promised the Nine;

*TO PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE.*

Till there in a wilderness, silent and vast,  
In a clear sparkling pool the token was cast ;  
And lo, as I gazed, the Fleece took the form  
Of a mantle well woven for sunshine or storm.

Be it Jason or Stuart, " Midlothian " still  
Is the brand of this Greek-Scotch-American twill ;  
And, Coila, the laddie will never grow old  
Whose heart is enwrapped in this wondrous fold.

From the east to the west, from the old to the new,  
From Helicon dry to Columbia's dew  
I have wandered at will ; this staff in my hand  
Was found in the groves of fair Florida's land;

Amid pines that embosom de Funiak Spring,  
Where poplar and laurel the poets outsing,  
Where children of Scotia in happiness dwell,  
By a fountain as sacred as St. Ronan's well ;

*TO PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE.*

In gardens of lotus, with sunshine so clear  
That the centuries glide without noting the year :  
So, Coila, adieu ! I go with the morn,  
Guard plaidie and staff for the genius unborn ;

It may be a month, or it may be a day,  
Look well to the infant that's coming this way;  
And, also remember, this mantle of joy  
Will keep its possessor forever a boy.

## TO THE MEMORY OF C. T. V. S.

Noble of stature, brain, and soul, and heart,  
    Of sterling purpose and of sturdy mould ;  
Serenely poised alike in busy mart,  
    In genial circle, or in friendship's fold ;  
With pleasant smile and cheery word for all,  
    But centered still on duty. Brave and strong,  
To do the right whatever might befall :  
    Integrity his motto—rhythmic song  
Of light and love to hold the world in thrall,  
    Or tune to honor every note of wrong.  
And now, while yonder hillsides fair and bold,  
    Along the Hudson's bright and silvery way,  
Illume a volume bound in green and gold,  
    There comes the silence of that Summer day,  
        Which hushed the ripples of the gliding stream,  
        And blended sorrow with its sunny dream.

## LONGFELLOW.

Again I see him on the sunlit lawn,  
As in the May-day of that final year,  
With brow as radiant as the early dawn,  
And eye transparent as the heavens clear.  
With cloak o'er shoulder thrown in careless grace  
He stands enframed in budding flowers and trees,  
A genial Orpheus, with Olympian face  
Forever fanned by pure Arcadian breeze.  
Ah, more to me than Prospero's magic isle  
The paths and greensward where the poet dreamed !  
The opening blossoms wooed his kindly smile,  
The expectant flowers with richer colors gleamed.  
My soul still clasps the warm and generous hand  
Which wields the sceptre of a kingless land.

## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

An anthem sweeps from hill to sea,  
From harp of pine to organ wave,  
A fragrance floats on breezes free,  
From flowers above Mount Auburn's grave.

The last of all the noble choir  
Has gone who sat at Bryant's feet;  
And broken now is every lyre  
That made the century's song complete.

Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes!  
Scarce sixteen autumns glide away,  
Since shadows o'er these mountain domes  
Crept gently eastward cool and gray,

*WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.*

To rest beside yon Cambridge towers,  
On daisied slope and stately lawn,  
On winding streams and tranquil bowers,  
But sixteen years,—and all are gone.

Proud commonwealth, a glorious shrine  
From hills “rock-ribbed” to flowing tide!  
Dear mother-state, what tendrils twine  
About thy porch of freedom wide!

What burning words in sturdy speech,  
And eloquence surpassing art!  
What ringing lines that sway and reach  
The forum of the human heart!

And he who woke the earliest strain,  
To greet the morning clear and bright,  
Knows well where fondest memories reign  
And at our banquet sits to-night.

*WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.*

For here, beside your fountains clear,  
He wrought with care and dreamed of fame  
Beneath these arching elms more dear  
For whispering leaves that speak his name.

And there "a fair haired woman" strayed  
Mid meadow flowers that kissed her feet,  
And here their first-born sweetly played  
About the threshold where we meet.

From Cummington's long Sabbath days  
His pathway widens to the sea,  
O'er Berkshire Hills where sunlight plays  
And every hour is blithe and free.

He lingers here in musing mood,  
Serenely dwells 'mid friendships sweet,  
In woodland scenes where fancies brood,  
And gave the land a guerdon meet.

*WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.*

For all reciprocal the gift  
Of home or love to genius born,  
A sentence or a line can lift  
A landscape to eternal morn.

Yon mountain rising bold and sheer  
Has something more than outlook wide,  
A "Monument" of memory dear,  
Outlasting all the works of pride.

No purer current ever flowed  
Through poet's heart in rippling song—  
For you his living canvas glowed,  
To him Green River's banks belong.

Ay, he the Prospero who filled  
Your woods and groves with fairies bright,  
He touched the rock and nature thrilled  
Responsive to his wand of might.

*WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.*

The partridge and the squirrel knew,  
Nor feared him as he wandered nigh,  
The "Violet" and the "Gentian" blue  
Looked upward with a kindly eye.

The "Waterfowl" in lonely flight,  
From river marge to sunnier clime,  
Becomes a prophet of the night,  
A counselor on the shores of time.

O wondrous power!—to flash a thought,  
A gleaming lyric from the soul,  
An arrowy word with sunlight fraught  
To touch the heart and reach the goal;

To keep the dew of early youth,  
To tell the story of the free,  
Proclaiming wide eternal truth  
And glorious dawn of liberty.

*WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.*

High priest of Nature! Ay, and more:  
Beside the narrowing realm of fate  
Behold him standing by the shore  
And calmly "waiting at the gate;"

To catch a far diviner breath  
Above the clamor and the strife;  
His earliest poems sang of death,  
His latest anthems speak of life.

And so from out the autumn woods,  
And far athwart the purple sky,  
Shall float his song of many moods  
To widen as the centuries die.

TO MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

When I do note the beauty of thine eyes,  
And think that they have long been sightless dust;  
When I observe the warrior's envied prize—  
Helmet and corselet—thick with yellow rust ;  
When scutcheoned doors lie prone in castle halls,  
And turrets totter, razed by ruthless Time ;  
When panelled brass from stately column falls,  
Well-graved with praises writ in lofty rhyme—  
Then I perceive how all things here decay ;  
That this wide world is but a shifting stage,  
Where faith and love, fierce pride and passion, play,  
And narrow lines divide the fool and sage ;  
Where fame's brief candle flickers to its death,  
And beauty's reign is measured by a breath.

## THE HARP OF TOM MOORE.

AT THE SCOTCH-IRISH CONGRESS, COLUMBIA,  
TENNESSEE.

The top of the morning to Ireland  
And the Scotch-Irish Congress to-day!  
All hearts respond at the banquet  
When the Harp of Tom Moore leads the way;  
The bells of the Shandon are ringing  
Their music from over the sea,  
But sweeter the Harp of her poet  
In the mountains of old Tennessee.

The sons of the Shamrock and Thistle  
Still cherish the visions of yore,  
And the Harp of old Tara awakens  
Again to the voice of Tom Moore;  
Each string, with memories sacred,  
Is tuned to Liberty's key,

*THE HARP OF TOM MOORE.*

And the songs that float down the ages  
Are always the songs of the free.

It sings of the "Exile of Erin,"  
But her exiles are exiles no more,  
For the Isle of old Erin has drifted  
Close under Columbia's shore.  
"Where liberty is, is my country"  
Has guided her over the way,  
And Columbia holds in her borders  
The heart of old Ireland to-day.

Manhattan and Plymouth and Jamestown  
Can boast of their heritage true,  
But Mecklenburg's fame is immortal  
When we number the stars in the blue;  
The Scotch-Irish-Puritan-Fathers  
First drafted the words of the free,  
And the speech of Virginia's Henry  
Is the crown of Our Liberty's plea.

*THE HARP OF TOM MOORE.*

The sons and the grandsons of heroes  
Who fought for freedom and right  
With joy hail the dawn of the morning,—  
“Mavourneen!” Awake to the light!  
The maidens of Lorne and Killarney  
Are swelling the chorus to-day,  
For the castles of Oban and Blarney  
Are only just over the way.

Then welcome, a thrice hearty welcome  
To legendry, lyric and lore,  
With a pledge and “Guid Hielan’ welcome”  
To the voice and the Harp of Tom Moore;  
A toast to the Shamrock and Thistle,  
And sunshine both sides of the sea,  
As Erin clasps hands o'er the ocean  
With Columbia in fair Tennessee.

## **LOOK AT THE MOON, MY SWEETHEART.**

Look at the moon, my sweetheart,  
Look at the moon with me,  
And you will be seeing your darlint,  
And I will be seeing thee !  
The same bright moon of Killarney  
The distant Sierras see,  
The same round moon up yonder  
Looks down upon you and me.

They say that she is nearest  
Of all the skyey train ;  
And we will hold her dearest  
Until we meet again ;  
For many a night, my sweetheart,  
Beneath her kindly gleam,

*LOOK AT THE MOON, MY SWEETHEART.*

We strolled by dear Killarney,  
And life was all a dream.

So true your faithful letter,  
I know it all by heart;  
It says you are coming for me,  
And we nevermore shall part;  
Her silver beams will guide you,  
Where'er you chance to be,  
As I wait by dear Killarney  
Your coming o'er the sea.

The throb of hope is swifter  
Than morning's golden car,  
And the light of love that binds us  
Outshines the evening star;  
The moon on dear Killarney  
A ladder rears for me,  
Up which the white-winged angels  
Shall bear my dreams to thee.

*LOOK AT THE MOON, MY SWEETHEART.*

So look at the moon, my sweetheart,  
Look at the moon with me,  
And you will be seeing your darlint,  
And I will be seeing thee ;  
The same bright moon of Killarney  
The distant Sierras see,  
The same round moon up yonder  
Looks down upon you and me.

### LOVE'S LITANY.

Sweet the rose on flowery lea,  
Sweet the sunlight on the sea,  
Sweeter still your glance to me—  
I love you.

Fonder than when evening lies  
In the lap of summer skies  
Is the language of your eyes—  
I love you.

Bright the voice of ruddy morn  
Answering to the bugle-horn,  
Brighter still since you were born—  
I love you.

*LOVE'S LITANY.*

Dear the love-songs of the past,  
Dear the dreams of love that last,  
All "Love's Litany" thou hast—

I love you.

### IN WHISPERS.

A song came floating from out the sky;  
When asked to stay, it answered, "Why?"

"A New-Year verse for one most fair,"  
I spake with joy. It answered, "Where?"

I whispered low. The song sped by—  
"Not sweet enough for her am I;"

"An angel voice I'll go and get."  
The poet sighed, and waiteth yet.

## ANNIE.

When all the hills were rich with gold,  
And beauty bloomed on every tree,  
One darling more was in the fold,  
One treasure more upon the knee.

When all the fields were white with snow,  
And seventeen Autumns passed away,  
By Merry Christmas fireside glow  
We met that winter holiday.

When all the fields were fresh and fair,  
And bird and brook were all in tune,  
Two hearts and hands were given there,  
That quiet, lovely day in June.

*ANNIE.*

And so the seasons are but three,  
For Spring and Summer now are one;  
And Winter only comes to me  
To mark the time of love begun.

### A COAST SURVEY.

Oh yes, I've seen your Boston girls,  
And anchored close to Cambridge curls;  
But from Ches'peake 'way down to Maine  
There is no girl like Sarah Jane.

What love-lit eyes! Twin beacons rare!  
What landscape cheeks! what wavy hair!  
Her mouth—a sort of inland sea,  
Her smile—a whole Geography.

She is the bonniest, best-rigged lass  
From Sandy Hook to Hatteras;  
And when she laughs her open face  
Looks like a sea-side watering-place.

*A COAST SURVEY.*

What joy to launch a gallant kiss  
Upon that tideless sea of bliss !  
To start it off, and let it float  
To realms of sweetness far remote ;

To navigate a whaling smack,  
Without a thought of getting back ;  
To drift unheeding day or night,  
Or drop, like Jonah, out of sight.

And yet one seems to need a chart  
To find a port from which to start ;  
Her mouth is like Long Island Sound,  
It takes a week to go 'way round.

And very few survive the trip,  
Especially round the upper lip ;  
A treacherous coast, where, all forlorn,  
Her nose comes down—just like Cape Horn.

*A COAST SURVEY.*

Columbus thought by sailing west,  
To find the Islands of the Blest,  
But had he ploughed this pathless sea  
He might have sailed eternally.

The voyage may be safe and plain,  
But please excuse me, Sarah Jane ;  
On second thought I'm in no haste  
To launch upon that boundless waste.

So tempt me not ; the sweetest kiss  
No sounding finds in that abyss.  
I'd rather float in Baffin's Bay,  
While others make your coast survey.

\*       \*       \*       \*

My Annie dear, you lift your eyes  
To ask me where the moral lies ?  
Ah, rose-bud mouth, well—if you please,  
There have been wrecks on smaller seas.

## FERDINAND TO MIRANDA.

Miranda mine, thy beauty is more rare  
Than May-day flowers that deck the meadows green;  
Thy lips are sweeter than the lily fair  
Plucked fresh at dawn from eut the glittering sheen;  
The mantling color of thy cheek's bright hue  
Makes pale and shames the blood of damask-rose;  
Thine eye preserves the violet's pensive blue,  
Which, born of light, with heaven's own color glows;  
Thy neck, full sweet, seems like a flowery lane,  
Or garden pathway, to thy gentle breast,  
Where love, that knows not passion's earthly stain,  
Has dwelt alone and wished no other guest.  
Here Eden's flowers retain the morning dew,  
And sweeter seem united all in you.

## JULIET TO ROMEO.

One more fond kiss, my Romeo, and away !  
The eastern hills are touched with rosy light.  
Ah love, with thee dun night is brightest day,  
And brightest day, when thou art gone, is night.  
How blest the hours swift-borne on starry wheels !  
How heavy waiting on the laggard sun !  
A weary void till day her eyelids seals,  
And Heaven's high warders guard love's fortress won.  
Dear Romeo, go ! Yet I would have thee stay,  
O pilfering morn, that robs the jewelled skies !  
Purloining gems within thy mantle gray,  
Take all but leave the one dear star I prize.  
Alas ! that love from love should ever part ;  
Yon sunrise brings wan sunset to my heart.

## THE MUSIC OF LIGHT.

The joyous song of the morning stars  
The poet caught in the dawn of time;  
He read the notes of the heavenly bars,  
His soul was thrilled with the choral chime.

Through mystic years the Egyptian heard  
From Memnon's statue a harp-like tone,  
And marvelled at the elusive word  
From raylit lips of lifeless stone.

In Orphic and Homeric days  
The god of music was god of light,  
And strung Aurora's rhythmic rays  
Across the vibrant lyre of night.

***THE MUSIC OF LIGHT.***

And *savants* now in the world's high noon  
The visions of olden times rehearse;  
For rhythm of music and light are one,  
And science reflects the poet's verse.

## IMPERIAL TIME.

Imperial Time, that neither hastes nor waits,  
First-born of Him who wrought creation fair,  
In glory throned at Morning's golden gates,  
Ere Light was spoken to the wondering air;  
Great chronicler of silent ages vast,  
Forgetting naught though centuries glide away ;  
The sifted star-dust on thy pages cast  
Obscures no record of thine earlier day :  
Viceroy supreme beyond the farthest bound  
Where human sobs in pallid echoes die,  
Within whose soul no pitying throb is found,  
Whose only tears are meteors of the sky ;  
Monarch and viceroy, chronicler sublime,  
But mortal still, a shadow's shadow—Time !

## QUESTIONS.

Whence, and whither, and what are we,  
Tossed on the billows of ceaseless strife ?  
Where is the shore beyond the sea ?  
Where is the fountain of human life ?

Whence and whither ? Ah ! all in vain !  
We wait and listen. No tidings come ;  
Darkness and shadows still remain,  
The stars are silent, the earth is dumb.

We question the years ; they answer naught  
Save this—from the void we also came.  
The circle widens of human thought,  
But life's horizon remains the same.

*QUESTIONS.*

We pick with lenses the flecks of light,  
We sift from nebulæ sun by sun,  
We mark and measure the comet's flight,  
We weigh the planets one by one :

From lowest germ to highest form  
We trace the links of Nature's chain ;  
But what is life—this essence warm ?  
The same deep mysteries still remain.

Like children who rap on an empty vault,  
And listen to hollow echoes there,  
Material science is still at fault—  
The tomb of Nature is cold and bare.

Like travellers lost in forest vast,  
Returning and crossing their paths again,  
We reason in circles, to find at last  
That we reach the point where the quest began.

*QUESTIONS.*

Ah, fruitless search ! We learn no more ;  
The wisest sage no knowledge brings ;  
No step returns from the silent shore ;  
“ Rounded with sleep ” the poet sings ;

“ A narrow cape betwixt two seas,”  
“ A swallow darting through the room,”  
A leaf that flutters in the breeze,  
A moment’s light, a rayless tomb ;

Phantasamagoria, thing of a day,  
Born of the night, into darkness hurled,  
Cunning compound of breath and clay,  
Ashes and dust of a worn-out world :

Flitting shadows on cosmic screens !  
Silhouettes thrown from a juggler’s hand !  
Phantom players in spectral scenes !  
Is this the enigma to understand ?

*QUESTIONS.*

Or is there a breeze from the open sky  
That wakens the harp of a thousand strings ?  
A firm-built hope that a human sigh  
Is borne through ether on angels' wings ?

An inspiration that One is just,  
Who keeps the sparrow in His care ?  
That this spark from Him, in a shell of dust,  
His love and goodness shall also share ?

A final rest for faltering feet,  
Weary and pierced with cruel wounds,  
Climbing to reach the golden street  
Up ladders made of brittle rounds ?

Questions answered by Faith alone,  
Not to be settled by words of strife ;  
To be learned at last, to be fully known,  
When the key of death fits the wards of life.

## THE INFINITE.

With measuring lines we reach from star to star,  
On pinion bold we seek creation's rim,  
The vast horizon mocks us from afar  
    With sphere on sphere beyond our vision dim ;  
On weary wing our thought, from voyage vain,  
    Like that lone dove, with neither leaf nor bud,  
Returns to find the windowed ark again—  
    A floating refuge on a shoreless flood.  
O mystery vast which veils the sovereign brow !  
    O vergeless silence, depths by light untrod !  
Space without centre ! Time, eternal now !  
    O star-gemmed vesture : Seamless robe of God !  
        What word doth this vast Universe intrall !  
    Bounded by nothing, yet embracing all.

### GOD'S HEARTHSTONE.

The evening fires are burning dim  
Along Chautauqua's western rim;  
The embers of a dying day  
Are sinking in the ashes gray.

We lay aside our toil and care,  
We bow to Thee in thankful prayer,  
That round Thy hearthstone, wide and free,  
The world is all one family.

'Tis not in temples built by hands,  
Or written scrolls from far-off lands,  
But at the altars reared by Thee,  
We learn the truest liturgy.

*GOD'S HEARTHSTONE.*

Thy voice was heard on Sinai's height,  
On Horeb's mountain veiled in night ;  
Thy voice is heard in every rill,  
Thy glory glows on every hill.

Night speaks to night, day speaks to day ;  
Their world-wide language lives for aye ;  
Their lines have gone through all the earth,  
The heavens declare Thy matchless worth.

So may Thy Word of Love more dear  
To every age and race appear,  
Until Time's narrow, restless sea  
Is hushed in Thy eternity.

And oh, may faith still deeper grow,  
Till peace from heart to heart shall flow !  
Till all the world, each even-tide,  
Shall gather round Thy hearthstone wide !

## THE GLOAMING.

A wish at close of day,  
The evening waits ;  
A hope, a morning ray  
From eastern gates :

A bright and sunny spot  
Along the stream ;  
A quiet sheltered grot  
Where we can dream :

A window looking west  
Towards sunset gold,  
Bespeaking gentle rest  
When we are old ;

*THE GLOAMING.*

A glow in yonder sky  
When shadows creep,  
And love's soft lullaby  
Inviteth sleep :

A hand to clasp in ours  
With pressure dear ;  
And then—some simple flowers  
With friendships near ;

A good-night gloaming kiss,  
Life's day complete ;  
A lingering hour of bliss  
Where twilights meet.

### SO SWEET THE DREAMS.

So sweet the dreams that speak of thee,  
Fain would I slumber all the while—  
At rest within thy gentle smile,  
Where love is all the world to me.

A blissful realm wherein we learn  
Fond lessons life can never teach ;  
For dreams are but the thoughts that reach  
From earth to heaven and then return ;

Bright angel-ladders that uprear  
Their summits to the shining stars,  
Adown whose rounds of silver bars  
Float footsteps from the silent sphere.

*SO SWEET THE DREAMS.*

Kind spirits guard us as we sleep,  
And guide us through each coming day,  
And teach us, Father, how to pray,  
And pure and true our souls to keep.

## DREAMLAND AND LOVELAND.

Near our dreamland lies a loveland,  
Ever fresh and fair with flowers ;  
We can see it from our dreamland—  
Soon the loveland will be ours.

There's a cottage in that loveland  
Porch-embowered with trellised vine ;  
Sweet the vision from our dreamland—  
Round its windows roses twine.

Lead me gently through the dreamland—  
That I may no longer roam ;  
Guide me safely to the loveland—  
For I long to rest at home.

*DREAMLAND AND LOVELAND.*

Where the breath of tender blessing  
Sweetens duty bravely done ;  
Care beguiled by fond caressing—  
Dreamland, Loveland—all in one.

## SMILE AND WAIT.

Would to-day were now to-morrow, and to-morrow  
yesterday—

Three days folded up together, in Time's basket laid  
away;

For there's one that waits my coming under fair and  
sunny skies,

And I'm yearning for the sunlight of her sweet and  
loving eyes.

Change the hour-glass into minutes! Let the white  
sands swiftly glide,

Till our hands are clasped together, and our hearts  
beat side by side.

Let bright birds convey the message to the blossoms  
of the South,

*SMILE AND WAIT.*

And love's light-winged gentle breezes waft my kisses  
to her mouth.

Haste sweet dreams on rays of moonlight, whisper  
gently—smile and wait,  
Till the hours and days are counted when I'll meet  
her at the gate.

## OF AGE.

1866—1887.

The stars are fading in the gray,  
Faint rosy light proclaims the morn.  
Awake, my love, for love to-day  
Recalls the hour our love was born.  
It scarcely seems a summer-day  
Since winsome lips were fondly kissed,  
So swift the seasons glide away  
When loving hearts keep faithful tryst.  
And yet the figures on life's page,  
From Sixty-six to Eighty-seven,  
Declare our love is now of age—  
Just twenty-one—since Home and Heaven  
Were twinned within those loving eyes  
Which led my soul to Paradise.

## MY CASTLE.

### I.

The hill-tops are fair in the bright, cloudless day,  
The valleys are sweet with the blossoms of May ;  
I gaze from the cliff where my Castle shall stand—  
The grandest and proudest of all in the land ;

With turrets and columns of Parian white,  
Blocks seamless and clear as if quarried from light ;  
With portal wide open to high arching hall,  
And threshold emblazoning welcome to all.

No outlook so varied, no structure so fair ;  
Neither Norman nor Moorish with mine can compare ;  
The dreams of all artists from over the sea  
Unite in one vision of beauty for me.

*MY CASTLE.*

The richest wood-carvings from many a land,  
The rarest of pictures are mine to command :  
Ah, dreamer, whose vessels have voyaged in vain,  
Come, visit my Castle from Castles in Spain !

II.

The glow on the hill-tops is fading away,  
The valleys, all garnered, are russet and gray ;  
I gaze from the cliff where I stood the fair morn  
When the rose-tinted dream of my Castle was born.

The turrets, the columns, the tapestries rare  
Have faded and melted like mist in the air—  
Impalpable, vain, mortised beams of moonshine !  
The sun never shone on that Castle of mine.

Ah, well, but the ground-plot and title are clear  
For others their Castles and mansions to rear ;  
While I keep in framework of old tarnished gilt  
The Castle of mine that never was built.

*MY CASTLE.*

The fireside is bright in a dear cottage home,  
One chimney sufficing for turret and dome;  
And, dreamer, your voyage has not been in vain,  
If you find at some hearthstone your Castle in Spain.

## A WANDERER.

I have wandered the wide world o'er,  
I have sailed over many a sea,  
But the land that I love more and more  
Is Columbia, the land of the free.  
From the east to the western shore,  
From the north to the southern sea,  
Columbia for me !

I have lingered in ivy-grown bowers,  
In minsters and palaces vast,  
Amid castles and crumbling towers  
Whose shadows backward are cast;  
But the longed-for Atlantis is ours,  
And freedom interprets at last  
The dream of the past.

*A WANDERER.*

The rivers of story and song,  
The Danube, the Elbe, and the Rhine,  
Entrance for a day, but I long  
For the dear old Hudson of mine ;  
The Hudson, where memories throng,  
Where love's fondest tendrils entwine,  
Of beauty the shrine.

Like music entranced in a dream  
Glide the Afton, the Doon, and the Ayr ;  
But the Jansen—the clear Jansen stream,  
In one heart shall their melody share ;  
And my soul still reflects its bright gleam,  
For I played in my childhood there,  
When visions were fair.

I have heard the sweet chiming of bells  
From the Seine to the Avon and Dee,  
But sweeter the anthem that swells  
From the pine-clad Sierras to me ;

*A WANDERER.*

And the Sabbath-like stillness that dwells  
In these mountains far up from the sea,  
Lake Tahoe with thee.

I have gathered sweet flowers in the west,  
Where the streams are embroidered with gold,  
But the blossoms that I love the best  
Are those which I gathered of old ;  
The same that my mother's lips pressed,  
The petals their sweetness still hold,  
Her heart they enfold.

I have wandered the wide world o'er,  
I have sailed over many a sea,  
But the land that I love more and more  
Is Columbia, the land of the free.  
From the east to the western shore,  
From the north to the southern sea,  
Columbia for me !



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